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There are no finer workmen in the world than British workmen. There are no finer cars in the world than British Cars.

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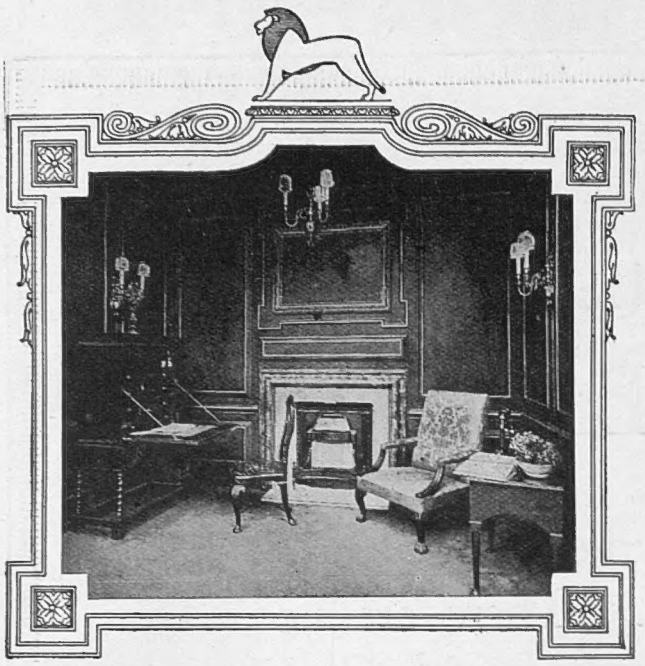
BRITISH MOTOR

A British Motor is a car or lorry made solely in the British Isles, of British-made parts and British-made accessories.



Period Rooms at Wembley

In the British Empire Gas Exhibit at Wembley are to be seen most attractive examples of Modern and Period Rooms in which the atmosphere of good taste and refinement created by the furnishing and decoration is admirably maintained by the design of the gas fires and gas lighting fittings.

The room illustrated above is the third of the series of Period Rooms (designed and carried out by Messrs. Osborne and Company of Grafton Street) and is typical of the William and Mary Period, circa 1690.

The heavy modillian cornice and bolection mouldings forming raised panels make a delightful background for the radiant gas fire in green bronze, selected to harmonise with its surroundings. The restful lighting in this charming room is controlled by pneumatic distant switches.

Noticeable pieces of furniture are a fine Queen Anne walnut secretaire, veneered with choice woods (from the Ightham Court collection), and a beautiful Chippendale armchair with mahogany frame and typical claw and ball legs.

EVERYONE WHO SEEKS TO CREATE IN THE HOME AN AIR OF CHARM AND REAL COMFORT SHOULD NOT FAIL TO VISIT

THE BRITISH EMPIRE GAS EXHIBIT

(In the centre of the Palace of Industry)

B3

Don't let Toothache trouble you

At the first twinge of pain take a couple of Genasprin tablets, in a little water. In a few minutes the pain will vanish as if by magic. You will find Genasprin infinitely better than any ordinary brands of aspirin. For, as a well-known physician wrote in the *Medical Times*: "What chiefly distinguishes Genasprin from other brands is the fact that owing to its absolute purity it can be prescribed much more freely than those without the slightest risk of toxic symptoms."

GENASPRIN

(The Safe Brand of aspirin)

The wonderful pain-relieving properties of Genasprin are equally potent in cases of Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, etc. Genasprin will also help you to overcome Sleeplessness, and is invaluable in allaying Feverish conditions. Determine to try Genasprin *now*.

All chemists sell Genasprin—price 2/- per bottle of 35 tablets. Buy a bottle to-day, and always keep a supply handy for all emergencies; but be sure you ask for *Genasprin*—not ordinary aspirin.

Sole Manufacturers:
GENATOSAN, LIMITED
Loughborough,
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VEET

NO MORE RAZORS OR DEPILATORIES

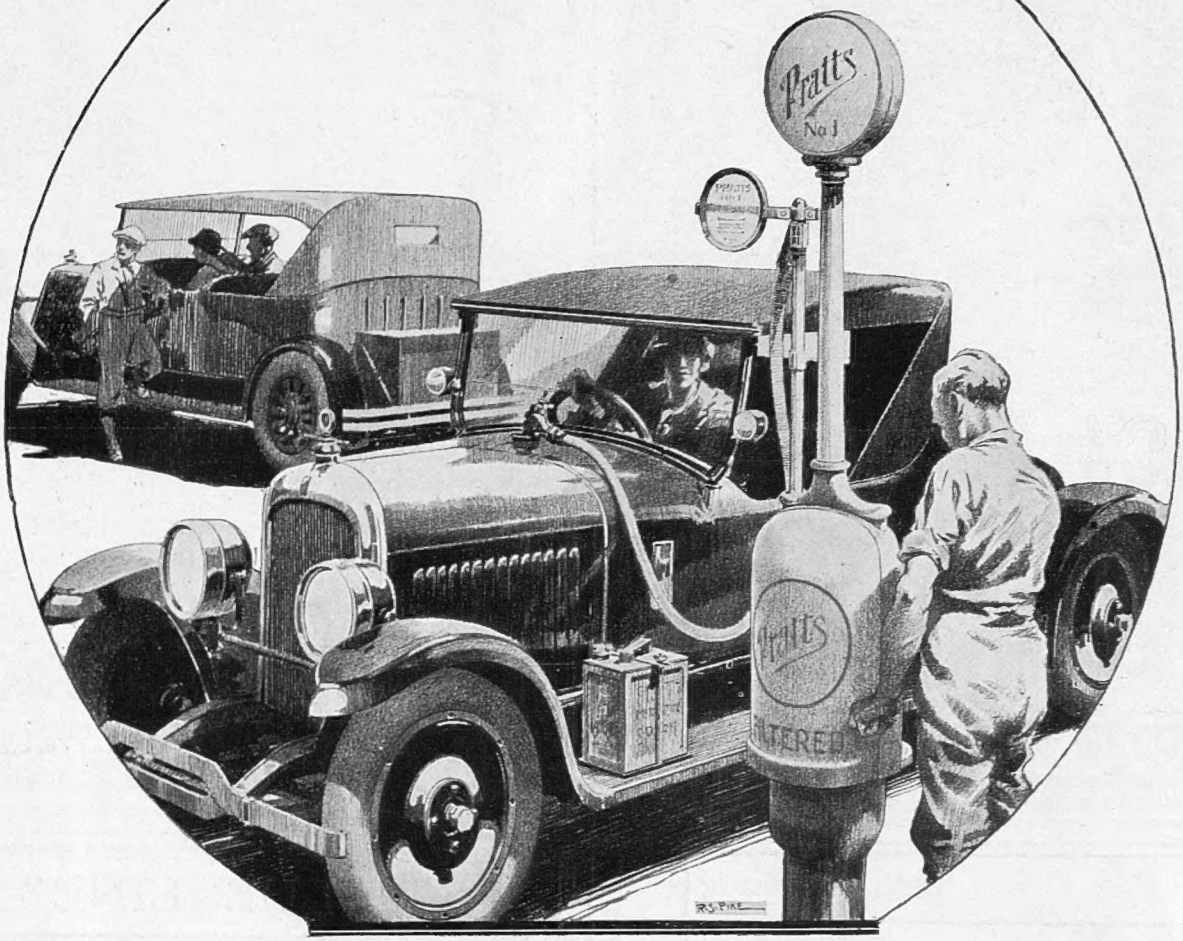
Disfiguring growths of hair completely rob you of your dainty appearance. But never use a razor. It only makes the hair grow faster and thicker just as trimming a hedge stimulates its growth. This is why men have to shave daily and why their beards soon get so coarse and bristly. Veet is a perfumed velvety cream that removes hair as if by magic. Whereas razors and ordinary depilatories merely remove hair *above* the skin surface, Veet melts the hair away *beneath* it. It is as easy to apply as a face cream. Just spread it on as it comes from the tube and in a few minutes rinse it off and the hair is gone. Veet has been endorsed by the medical profession. Entirely satisfactory results are guaranteed, or money is returned. Sold by all chemists, hairdressers and stores for 3/6. Also sent post paid in plain wrapper for 4/- (trial size by post for 6d. in stamps).

Dae Health Laboratories (Dept. 292L),
68 Bolsover Street, London, W.1.

A Perfumed Velvety Cream that Removes Hair

3/6 Everywhere

Pratts National Service Series



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THE last step in bringing Pratts to the public, apart of course from the ever-popular sealed Green Can, is the Golden Pump—the last word in rapid, easy and wasteless distribution.

It can only be a matter of time before Bulk Storage is universally adopted for supplying motor-spirit. That it has so quickly reached its present great popularity is unquestionably due to the efforts of the Anglo-American Oil Co., to induce garages to adopt it. The Pratts label attached to the delivery pipe guarantees spirit of perfect quality—absolute uniformity— and reliability.

This series of announcements is to convey some idea of the comprehensive distributive organisation of the Anglo-American Oil Co., responsible for the maintenance of the supply of Pratts Spirit to thousands of garages and a million motorists. Watch for the next of the series.

PRATTS

Uniform everywhere
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This hat presents an entirely new feature in gentlemen's headwear.

It is a bowler hat embodying the comfort, lightness and flexibility of a soft felt.

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2 by 2 yards.....each 27/9
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KNITTED SUIT for young ladies' wear. The coat is made in mixture of wool and artificial silk of multi colouring in very attractive design. The skirt is all wool of self colouring to match ground work and long roll collar of coat. Kingfisher, Almond, Champagne, Dark Fawn, Cinnamon.

Sizes suitable for 14 to 18 years.

PRICES
S. MAIDS MAIDS
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Knitted Scarf to match (as sketch) - Price **12/9**

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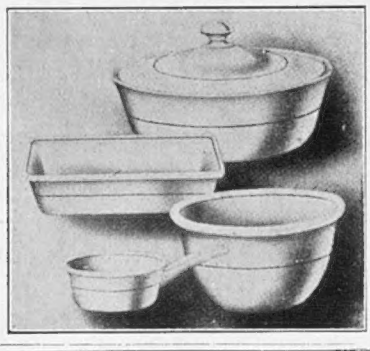
Write for Catalogue.

"BLUE LINE"
Fireproof Cooking Earthenware



Guaranteed against breakage in use.

"Blue Line" Fireproof is durable, attractive and hygienic. It will not chip or crack like enamel. It is orange-brown outside, porcelain-white inside, with black handles; or in white with black handles. It is very easily kept clean. It preserves the full flavour of the food and is used to serve as well as to cook.

Insist on getting "Blue Line" Fireproof.

If your nearest dealer does not stock it, send for full particulars to:
BOOTHS LTD., Tunstall, STAFFS.

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Booklet Free—Copy of "Housewife's Book of Useful Hints" sent free and post free on application to McCall & Co., Ltd., 4, St. George's House, Eastcheap, E.C.3

Reduced in Price

Paysandu Ox Tongues

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Lux for everything you wash yourself

Use Lux for everything you wash yourself. It is just as easy as washing your hands. The filmy Lux diamonds are made to melt instantly into a rich foam of almost magic cleansing power, which yet is gentle to the frailest fabric.

Therefore, use Lux to wash all your precious possessions—silk stockings, silk and woollen underwear, blouses, frocks, jumpers, all dainty things that have to be washed often—equally all valuable things that have to be washed seldom and with the greatest care. Lux won't shrink woollens, nor will it harm a single silken thread.

Be sure you get LUX—in the familiar carton. So-called substitutes, sold loose, are thick shreds of ordinary soap. Lux is unique: make sure you get Lux.

1. *Toss Lux into hot water: whip into lather.*

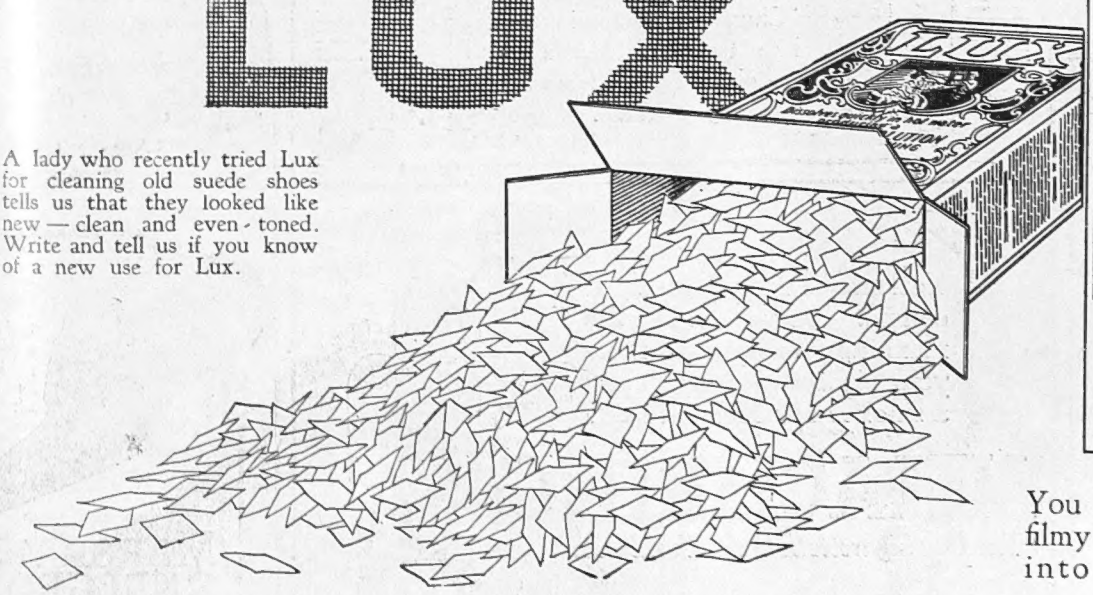
2. *Add cold water to give required temperature.*

3. *Dip and redip in this pure, rich lather.*

4. *Rinse in clean water. Squeeze water gently out, without wringing.*

LUX

A lady who recently tried Lux for cleaning old suede shoes tells us that they looked like new — clean and even-toned. Write and tell us if you know of a new use for Lux.



You simply toss the filmy Lux diamonds into hot water.

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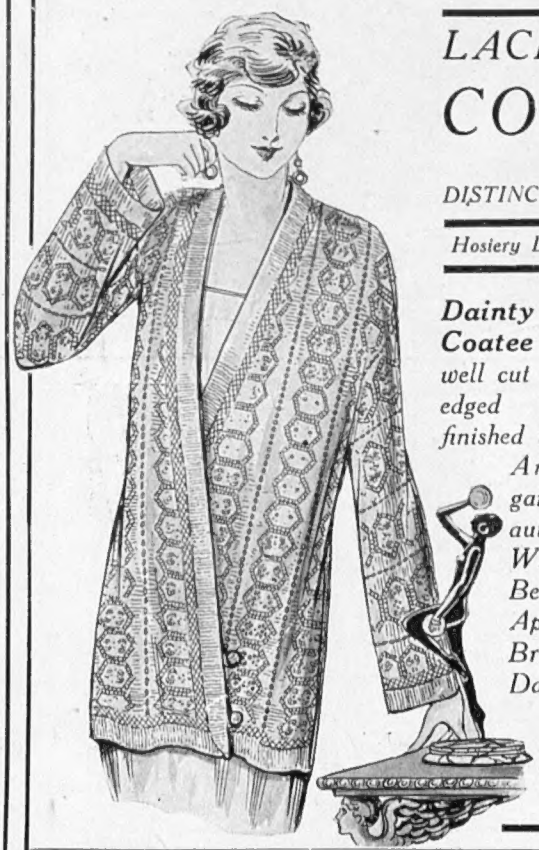

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PURE WOOL
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COMBINATIONS
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14/6
PER PAIR

Shape No. 1. *Opera Top trimmed Silk Lace edging and satin ribbon shoulder straps.*

Shape No. 2. *Illustrated above, low neck, no sleeves. A popular "Tector" shape.*

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By appointment to HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

By appointment to HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF SPAIN

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Look for "ARDENTE ACOUSTIQUE" SIGN AT ENTRANCE.

The Bystander, September 17, 1924 No. 1085. Vol. LXXXIII.

The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Malcolm Arbuthnot*

THE COUNTESS OF MINTO

Who, with her husband, has been staying at Minto House, the Earl's charming residence at Hawick, in Roxburghshire, for the shooting. Lady Minto, who is a Canadian, was married in 1921

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

A Revival in Cotton

EVERY now and again, I take a flying visit to the great cities of the North. It is not that I have woollen mills in Bradford, nor do I hope to profit by the promised revival in cotton of which the good folk of Manchester are beginning to whisper.

A Strange Reason

MY reason for taking a taxi to St. Pancras, and speeding through the lovely Derbyshire country round about Miller's Dale, is different from these. I go North in order that I may not get too parochial by long and continued residence in London. A strange reason, you say! Yet not so strange if you consider the facts of the case from an unbiassed point of view.

Parochial Londoners

WE Londoners are apt to think that Piccadilly Circus is the hub of the universe. We are content to complacently ignore the mighty cities of the North. I once heard a Londoner sneer at a Mancunian because the latter did not know that there was a street in London called Piccadilly. Yet that same Londoner was not aware that there is a street called Piccadilly in Manchester. Which of the twain was the more parochial? Certainly not the Manchester man.

A Surprising Statement

A BIG London theatrical success left the West End recently for a month's season in Manchester, and a well-known playgoer expressed surprise at the fact. He could not believe that there were sufficient people in that city to fill a theatre for more than a week. When he was reminded that the Manchester theatres had an audience of roughly ten millions to draw upon, he nearly had a fit. A well-known journalist who had worked in London and Manchester told me that the latter was the greatest newspaper producing centre in the world. The statement was surprising, but I am quite prepared to believe it. I am prepared to believe anything of the great industrial North—including the story that a horse once shied because it saw a man who was *not* carrying an umbrella.

Wigan Pier

I ALWAYS learn a lot when I take a trip to the North. On this occasion I was told the supposed origin of the famous music-hall joke concerning Wigan Pier. There is no pier at Wigan, yet comedians are always talking of that fabulous structure as though it were an accomplished fact, and here is the explanation: Owing to frequent flooding of low-lying areas, many of the pits have long, raised approaches, and these bear a certain resemblance to the piers of Blackpool and Brighton.

A Girl Prince

YOU may not have met Sisley Huddlestone, but you have probably read his book on M. Poincaré. He was over from Paris just lately, and told me of the strange *Hamlet* film that is circulating in France. It is a very revised version, the Prince of Denmark having become a girl whose mother dresses her in man's clothes in order to save the crown. This ingenious twist leads to other complications. Horatio is in love with Ophelia. Ophelia is in love with the girl Hamlet, whom she takes for a man. Hamlet, in turn, is in love with Horatio.

Why Not, Indeed?

A RACING man fell in with a string of cars on their way to Brooklands, and he commenced to say very disparaging things to one of the bright young men in a bright

young three-litre contraption. "Anyhow, we *are* consistent," replied the latter. "When we go to a motor race-meeting we drive down in cars, but when you go to a horse race-meeting, you drive down in a taxi. Why don't you ride on a race-horse?" The suggestion raises endless possibilities. Can you picture Mr. Solly Joel hacking it to Newmarket on Polyphontes or Mr. James White urging Norseman into a gallop on the Great North Road because he is cutting it a bit fine for the 3.30 at York. Dick Turpin wouldn't be in it with these splendid sportsmen.

"RAMSAY, KEEP YOUR TAIL UP!" By Morse

Bad Men's Blarney

TAXI-DRIVERS apart, there is no one so gifted in the art of repartee as the street merchant who finds himself hauled before "the beak." A soft answer turns away wrath, even in a police court, and the rascal with a glib tongue has a decided pull over his less gifted fellows. Take, for example, the case of the coloured tipster who was charged with causing an obstruction in Whitechapel, and who urged that if the Salvation Army were allowed to speak of good things in heaven he might surely be allowed to speak of the "good things" of this world. A magistrate, however hardened to the blarney of bad men, must have found it very difficult to withstand such an appeal—even to the extent of having a bit on the supposed good thing.

Safety First

I HAVE a good deal of sympathy with a titled land-owner of my acquaintance. There was a very dangerous hidden turn at the corner of his park, and he was asked by the local authorities to assist them in making the crooked ways straight. Being a decent fellow, he readily agreed, but the suggestion that a broad sweep should be substituted did not meet with his approval. "I don't want them to kill themselves," he said, "but I've got an equally strong objection to being killed myself." Accordingly, he arranged with the district surveyor that while all danger should be eliminated, the corner should still retain its difficult angle—to be negotiated with as much care as before.

A Suggested Censorship

A CORRESPONDENT who has received a threatening telegram from an obvious lunatic suggests that the postal authorities should exercise a censorship in such cases, by refusing to accept foolish messages for the wires. But where would this land us? Suppose I decide to put money on a horse, and the telegraph clerk considers, from his greater racing experience, that I am certain to lose my bet. Would he be justified in telling me not to throw my money away, or should I thank him if he substituted the name of a more likely winner? I once knew a man who proposed to a girl by wire. Here, again, the girl in the little wire cage might have decided to hold up the message either because she was an altruist, or because she, herself, had an eye on the sender.

Shooting at "Big Game"

MY warning about the reckless driving of antiquated brakes and buses has been followed by an extraordinary crop of accidents and it is to be hoped that the authorities will have taken drastic steps before the next "sharry" season comes round. There is this to be said for the big concerns bordering on monopolies—they are careful to live up to their motto of "Safety First," because they know that the critics would be on their track after a couple of disasters, whereas the little fellows may pile their old cars into the wayside ditches with impunity. Consider the case of the Southern Railway! Should a porter sneeze when opening a carriage door, there is a letter to the Press, and, what's more, it appears in print next morning. It's always the big game that draws the sportsman's fire!

On Looking Ahead

WEMBLEY looks like finishing in a blaze of glory. For one thing, the weather has been on the mend, but the fact that the Clerk of the Waterworks has emptied all the rain out of his bucket is not alone responsible. Most of the country people I have met told me that they intended visiting the Exhibition in September, "when it won't be so crowded," with the inevitable result that they will find themselves enjoying the company of record crowds during the closing weeks of the show. It never pays to look too far ahead, and the careful person often finds himself out-manœuvred by the casual fellow who is content to take his pleasures without question as they come along.

Bystander Treasure Hunts

THE Fox Hunting Season is close upon us, and THE BYSTANDER will recognise the fact by organising shortly a series of Treasure Hunts for readers. The scheme will be run on original and amusing lines and is calculated to provide plenty of healthy excitement for those who take part in the hunts. Valuable prizes will be offered. Full details will be announced in an early issue.

The Vanishing Trick

BY E. T. REED

RAMSAY (*shoving hard*): "Now, look here, Mars, you bloodthirsty old ruffian—this door's got to be shut *somehow*, and you've got to be inside it, giving a life-like imitation of a death-rattle, or you'll spoil the whole trick!"

Who When and Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Photograph *Topical*

THE PRINCE GOES RACING

The Prince of Wales at the famous racecourse—or rather, we should say, "race-track" at Belmont Park, Long Island, where he saw the celebrated French horse Epinard beaten a neck by Wise Counsellor

Photograph *P. and A.*

ON THE SEA-SHORE

The Prince of Asturias watching the King of Spain driving a sand yacht on the sea-shore at Comillas. Comillas is about twenty-five miles west of Santander, the fashionable watering-place on the north coast of Spain

The Court and the Autumn

THE Royal holiday at Balmoral will come to an end with the beginning of October. During that month the King and Queen are expected to be for some little time in London before they go to York Cottage. The Queen likes to get her Christmas shopping all settled and arranged before December—no light task, as Her Majesty chooses all her presents personally and her list is a lengthy one.

Formerly, tradesmen used to send a selection of their goods to Buckingham Palace, and from these the Royal Christmas presents were chosen. But Queen Mary delights in shopping, and her presents are her own personal choice, literally "over the counter."

The King will pay his annual shooting visit to Lord Iveagh at Elveden, where the birds this year are said to create a record in number and condition. And for the end of the year there will be the usual family gathering for Christmas at York Cottage.

The Prince in America

THE quiet of his ranch at Calgary will doubtless prove a relief to the Prince of Wales, for, despite the care which was taken to spare him the fatigue of public appearances, his time at Long Island has been fairly strenuous, what with one thing and another, lunches, dinners, dances, polo, and having to leap palings to avoid mobbing by cohorts of the curious. The Prince's ranch, by the way, seems to be a valuable advertisement for that part of Canada, and there is an increasing demand also for the Prince's cattle. As he has been at considerable pains and expense in the matter of breed and strain this demand for the Royal cattle must be particularly gratifying.

Those who are learned in these matters say that the Prince's ranch is already an example of what can be done in Canada with a judicious expenditure of capital. Of course, the owner has had the best advice, but, on the other hand, his own keeness and personal interest have had much to do with the success. Then, putting all question of profit and loss on one side, the Prince of Wales as a ranch owner has created another bond between Canada and the Mother Country. The Canadians are immensely proud of the fact.

Photograph] **LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL** *[P. P. P.*

Sir Godfrey Thomas, the Prince of Wales' private secretary, and his bride, Miss Diana Hoskyns, leaving Chichester Cathedral, of which the bride's father is the Archdeacon. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Southwell

Royal Visitors

LONDON has been positively bristling with Kings and Queens and other Royal folk during the past few weeks. The ex-King and Queen of Greece have been making a lengthy stay in England, so lengthy, indeed, that one would not be surprised to hear that they had decided to settle in this country.

The choice of an abode for a dethroned monarch is a matter of difficulty, as all sorts of delicate questions arise. Some Governments raise objections to the presence of ex-sovereigns within their borders, fearing diplomatic difficulties with their successors in power. England has always been the favoured country for exiled royalties. It sheltered in succession the Bourbon princes after the French Revolution; King Louis Philippe and Queen Marie Amélie and the Orléans princes after the revolution of 1848; and the Empress Eugénie after the *débâcle* of 1870.

King Manoel and Queen Augusta Victoria have been with us ever since the revolution in Portugal. So perhaps this past history may tempt the ex-King and Queen of Greece to take refuge here too.

Speaking of the Orléans princes,

[Photograph] A BRIDE-TO-BE [Elliott and Fry

The Hon. Ellen Seymour Methuen, the younger daughter of Field-Marshal Lord Methuen and Lady Methuen, whose engagement to Captain G. S. Barnes was announced last week

I see that Wood Norton, which formerly belonged to the Duke of Orléans, has escaped the dismantling and breaking-up which threatened it. When the house was put up for sale recently, it was announced that it would be pulled down unless it found a purchaser. Luckily, the purchaser was forthcoming, so Wood Norton has escaped the fate of Trentham and several other big houses.

I wonder if the new owner will keep the great entrance gates surmounted by the arms and device of the ancient Royal family of France. The Duke d'Aumale, from whom the Duke d'Orléans inherited Wood Norton, spent large sums of money on the place, which was originally a hunting lodge.

The Duchess d'Aosta, the Duke d'Orléans's sister, and her son, the Duke delle Puglie, have also been in London, as well as the Crown Prince and Princess of Roumania, and three of the children of the Crown Prince of Sweden, who have been on a visit to their grandfather, the Duke of Connaught, at Bagshot. Princess José of Belgium must also be added to the list of Royal visitors.

Photograph AT THE SHEEP-DOG TRIALS [Alfieri

Three of the spectators at the recent Sheep-Dog Trials which were held at Talybont, about ten miles from Brecon. The group shows the Hon. Mrs. Corrie (left), Miss Solly Flood and Mr. Seymour Berry

Photograph *Sport and General*

A CLERICAL CONFERENCE

Members of the Christian Church Conference which was recently held at Mürren. The group shows: Sir Henry Lunn, M.A. (left), the Bishop of Chelmsford, the Rev. Thomas Phillips, the Bishop of Plymouth, the Rev. Charles Brown and the Bishop of Winchester

Expensive Spain

I HEAR from a foreign diplomat on leave from Madrid that Spain at the present moment is the dearest country in Europe for the traveller. Madrid, he told me, is far dearer than London, which, to foreigners with the present rates of the exchanges, is the dearest capital of all. Immense fortunes were made in Spain during the War, and the standard of living amongst the upper classes, compared with what prevailed in pre-War days is, to quote my informant, *fantastique*. Entertaining in Society seems to have resolved itself into a sort of game as to who can give the most expensive party. Moderately well-off people, naturally, can take no part in a struggle of this kind, so the result is that only the very rich entertain.

You would scarcely imagine that English people not travelling in Spain would be affected by the riot of Spanish expenditure, but I am told that folks going on to Biarritz, as so many do from Deauville and other places, will find the prices in some of the hotels raised to the Spanish standard. The autumn season at Biarritz is generally known as the Spanish season, which probably accounts for the prices in the modish hotels.

A Popular Queen

IT was interesting to hear a eulogy from this foreign diplomat of Queen Victoria Eugénie of Spain. Amongst other things he said, "She is the most tactful woman I have ever met." And that, from a diplomat who lives in an atmosphere of tact, is saying a good deal. Her position at the outset was one of great difficulty, the etiquette of the Spanish Court and of Spanish society being based upon rules unknown in this country. But tact, and the happy faculty of always saying and doing the right thing at the right time, bore the young Queen through triumphantly. The diplomat likewise told me

(Continued on page 664)

A Camera Causerie from the Course

Photograph *Sport and General*

LORD AND LADY GLANELY

Photograph *I.N.A.*

LADY MAUREEN STANLEY (left), LADY EVELYN BEAUCHAMP, AND THE HON. MRS. GEORGE LAMBTON

Photographs

MRS. DE TRAFFORD (left) AND MRS. SOFER WHITBURN

Central News

MR. AND MRS. R. MARSH

The St. Leger was blest with beautiful weather at Doncaster last week. The late scratching of many of the prominent runners increased

on St. Leger Day at Doncaster

Photograph *Topical*

LADY DOROTHY MOORE AND MRS. ATTY PERSSE

Photograph *Alfieri*

LADY CARLISLE (left), LORD LONDONDERRY AND MRS. COCHRAN BAILLIE

Photograph *Alfieri*

THE HON. EDWARD AND MRS. LASCELLES

Photograph *I. B.*

LORD FITZWILLIAM AND THE HON. SIBELL FITZROY

the interest in the race, which was won by the second favourite, the Aga Khan's Salmon Trout. Polyphontes, the favourite, ran third

that we have no idea in this country of the work Queen Victoria Eugénie has done for hospitals and kindred institutions in Spain.

The Lido Then and Now

THE Lido when I first knew it was a desolate spot compared with the Lido of to-day. A one-horse tram ran from the landing-stage to the bathing establishment, with little inns here and there by the roadside. By the sea was a long stretch of hard sand where one used to ride—the gallops were glorious—every morning before bathing. On that side there was nothing except the bathing establishment, roughly built of wood, and suggestive of a tenth-rate seaside resort in England. You undressed and dressed in a little cabin, and after your bathe went on the wooden terrace of the bathing-house for an *apératif*. Sun baths were then unknown, and you never saw an English person there before September.

LADY HAMBRO (left), and MISS PYM

Then, rich Russians and Hungarians "discovered" the Lido as a summer resort, and a whole line of *de luxe* hotels sprang up between the landing-stage and the sea. Small villas and bungalows folllowed, and now the Lido can accommodate a small army of visitors. After the War, rich Russians and Hungarians came no more because there weren't any left, and now the English and Americans have "discovered" the charms of the Lido in summer.

This stretch of sand, which protects Venice from the Adriatic, has been "developed" with a vengeance. Formerly, only the shore in front of the bathing establishment was roped off for bathers, now the beach is a series of enclosures separated from one another by barbed wire fences. Each enclosure is the property of an hotel, a club, a villa or a bungalow—sometimes a collection of villas and bungalows. But unless you are staying in one of these, or in one of the hotels, or belong to a club, these enclosures are a bathing paradise you many not enter. You have to take your turn in the queue waiting for an empty cabin in the public bathing establishment. But the waiting is very much worth while.

The charm of the Lido to most folk is that they can spend practically the whole day in their bathing suits. If they are staying at one of the hotels or in a villa they put them on when they get up in the morning and apparently a good many people don't take them off until the sun begins to go down and it is time to dress for dinner. If you are staying in Venice you go out by motor-boat or *vapore*—gondolas now are so expensive that only the truly rich can use them—to the Lido and spend the whole day there. The water is deliciously warm, and in between dips the bathers lie out on the sand getting browner and browner every day. I've not heard of them dancing in their bathing suits, but I believe some of the men lunch in pyjamas. In short, the season at the Lido, which lasts from early June to mid-October, may be described as the clotheless life, and a very pleasant life it is.

MISS LOIS WISHART THOMSON (left), MR. PETER LAIDLAY, MR. RUPERT TOLLEMACHE, MISS KITTY KINLOCH and the HON. GWENDOLEN MEYSEY-THOMPSON

A MATTER OF "COURSE" AT NORTH BERWICK

Some enthusiasts photographed whilst out for their daily "drive" on the links

Lady Farmers

LADY Marjorie Beckett, Lord Warwick's elder sister, is now to be added to the number of women farmers. She is making sheep her speciality. Lady Marjorie's first husband was the second Earl of Feversham, who was killed in the War, and whose aunts were the famous "Duncombe sisters," the late Duchess of

Photographs *I. C. H. Balmain*

THE MASTER OF ELIBANK (left) AND SIR GLYNN WEST

Leinster, Lady Cynthia Graham, and Lady Ulrica Baring, famous for their beauty. She married Sir Gervase Beckett, the uncle of Lord Grimthorpe, seven years ago. The present Earl of Feversham, Lady Marjorie's elder son, is now eighteen.

Other women farmers of degree are Lady Victoria Murray, the sister of the Earl of Dunmore, and Lady Marcia Miles, sister of the Earl of Roden. Lady Marcia was until recently Lady Marcia Black. She married Major Eric Miles after divorcing her first husband.

Curious Coincidence of Figures

SUPERSTITIOUS people generally attach great importance to figures, seeing in them all sorts of signs and portents. I'm not superstitious myself, but I think you will agree that the following is a strange

Photograph *Alfieri*

THE "GAME" AFOOT

The Hon. Peggy Coventry at the Springer Spaniel Club's Trials at Wootton. The gentleman accompanying her, one Mr. "Croome Dick," was among the star performers

case of coincidence. An ingenious person, probably Swiss, as the figures were originally given in a Swiss newspaper, has made the discovery that the years of birth, succession to the throne, lengths of reigns, and ages at the downfall of their empires of the ex-Kaiser and the Emperor Karl, both come to a number which divided by two makes the number 1918.

Thus, the ex-Kaiser was born in 1859; he succeeded in 1888; he reigned thirty years, and he was fifty-nine when he was pushed from his throne. Total 3,836. The Emperor Karl of Austria was born in 1887; he succeeded in 1916; he reigned two years, and when he lost his crown he was thirty-one. Again, a total of 3,836. Divided by two you have the year of the fall of both thrones, 1918.

It reminds one of the marvellous prophecies people used to make from the numbers—particularly the number of the Beast—in the Book of Revelations. All the same it is an odd coincidence, isn't it?

A Great "Die-Hard"

WHEN the late Lord Willoughby de Broke died last year a comparatively young man—he was only fifty-four—those who knew him best believed he had never recovered from the crushing disappointment and the failure of all his hopes in the struggle over the Parliament Bill. He fought to the end for the principles and traditions of the order to which he belonged, an order which was as much a part of England as its soil. He led the "Die-Hards," and he was defeated.

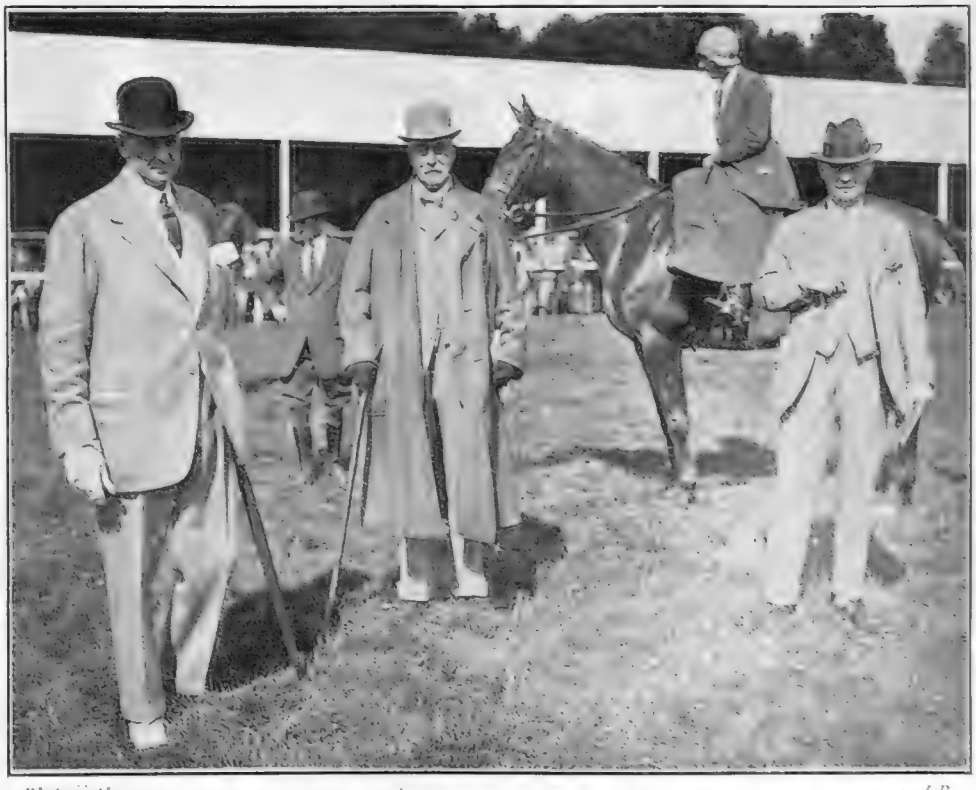
Here and there, perhaps, the devotion to tradition, the realisation of territorial duty, still exists in spite of the daily attacks made upon those who inherit such traditions and duties. But the breaking up of estates under the pressure of taxation is destroying the old relations between the landowner and the people of the countryside. Lord Willoughby de Broke's posthumous volume of reminiscences, *The Passing Years* (Constable), therefore, really tells of the past, although he himself had only reached his middle age.

His life, apart from Parliament, was centred round his ancestral home of Compton Verney in Warwickshire, where his forebears had lived for generations. His description of the house applies to many others which exercised the same influence on tenants and neighbours—kindliness, helpfulness and good fellowship. "It is neither Castle, nor Hall, nor Tower, nor Court, nor Manor, nor Abbey, nor yet one of the stately homes of England such as Raby Castle or Chatsworth. It is just Compton Verney."

Photograph *I.B.*

IN SOPHIA GARDENS

Sir Francis R. Price chatting to Miss Muriel Mitchelson on her hunter, Grey Dawn, at the Cardiff Horse Show. Held in Sophia Gardens, there was a large attendance, the weather actually behaving itself for once



Photograph *I.B.*

"THE COUNCIL IS MET"

Lord Tredegar (left), one of the joint presidents of the Cardiff Horse Show, with Colonel H. Lewis and Mr. Robert H. Williams, two of the Council. On the opening day, Loseby, the winner of one of the Hunter classes, slipped up badly shaking the rider, Captain Tom Hobbs

And speaking of his ancestors, Lord Willoughby de Broke struck the note of difference between to-day and yesterday in the Compton Verneys of England. They lived in "an atmosphere of tranquillity, simplicity, and permanence." Tranquillity and permanence have departed from most of such houses now.

Perhaps in years to come some young man taking down *The Passing Years* from the shelf of an old library—if old libraries then exist—will say, "Could this ever have been England?" And I think he will add, "They must have been jolly good sorts, those old landlords! What a pity there aren't any of them now!"

A "Spoonerism"

THERE is an addition to the large number of "Spoonerisms" in this book of yesterday's doings and modes of thought. Two undergraduates had rooms above Dr. Spooner. They were so noisy that he asked the Warden to move them elsewhere. After their removal he went to thank the Warden, saying that above him were "two very quiet reading men named Hell and Bedlam." The men's names were Bell and Headlam.

The Penalty of Politeness

A BACHELOR, given to greater concern about his health than the average run of mankind, was bidden by some new acquaintances to spend a week-end at their house in the country. Going to bed on the Saturday night, he had a suspicion that the sheets were damp. Being careful as to possible rheumatism he applied that never-failing test of the dryness or dampness of beds—a looking-glass placed in between the sheets. If the bed is damp the mirror becomes clouded. He took out the looking-glass as bright and undimmed as when he put it in, but still being doubtful—and very careful—he pulled off the sheets and threw them on the floor.

He was reading in bed when his host came into the room to tell him of some forgotten arrangement for the next day. Seeing the sheets lying on the floor the host naturally asked the reason. The bachelor, not liking out of politeness to suggest that the sheets were damp, said he preferred to sleep between blankets. The next night there were no sheets on his bed!

The acquaintance ripened into friendship, and the bachelor has since paid many visits to that house. But he is never given sheets. The hostess is convinced that he always sleeps in blankets, and the guest is either too polite, or hasn't the courage to tell her of the suspicion that sent his sheets hurtling to the floor on the first night of his first visit.

Photograph *Bassano*

A SEPTEMBER BRIDE

Mrs. Charles Oakley, whose wedding to Mr. Charles R. A. Oakley, only son of Sir Charles Oakley, Bart., and Lady Oakley, took place at St. Mildred's, Tenterden, on September 10. She is the elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. Dampier Palmer of Heronden Hall, Tenterden

A Curious Prophecy

I ONLY heard the other day of a prophecy amongst the Venetian people which has had a curious fulfilment. You know the four bronze horses which stand above the entrance to St. Mark's. The prophecy is, "When the horses of St. Mark are moved an Empire falls."

The horses were brought originally from Constantinople by the Venetians after their successful siege of the then Byzantine capital. The Byzantine Empire ended shortly afterwards. During the War the horses were taken to Rome for preservation against bombs from Austrian aeroplanes, and kept in the cellar of the Palazzo Venezia, once the dwelling-place of the Venetian Ambassadors to Rome, and, until the War, the Austrian Embassy to the Quirinal. Now the German and the Austrian Empires have gone down in the War.

BYSTANDERISMS

The Winning Phrases in "The Bystander" Competition

THE extraordinary popularity of our recent competition is responsible for the delay in awarding the prizes. At last, however, after careful consideration of the thousands of attempts submitted, the judges have decided to divide the £50 Prize equally between the senders of the following two Bystanderisms:

SIMPSON'S: "NEVER OUT OF JOINT"

SAVOY HOTEL: "SAVOIR-FAIRE—SAVOY FARE"

Cheques for £25 have, therefore, been forwarded to MISS MARY BROADBENT SCHOFIELD, WOOD LAWN, WILMSLOW, CHESHIRE, for the first of the above phrases, and to MR. THOMAS GORDON BROWN, ELINDENE, MAIDENHEAD, for the second.

In addition to the winning Bystanderisms quoted above, there was a field of really good "also-rans" which put up a good fight for the winning places. For instance, the fashionable "on-with-the-dance" atmosphere of Ciro's is well suggested by the Bystanderism, "Belles on Their Toes," whilst the summer glories of Hurlingham—now, alas! departed till next year—are suggested by "Pro Polo Publico." That haunt of London's Bohemia, the Hambone Club, was considered "A Gn'awfully Nice Place" by one reader, whilst another asserts that it "Thrills to the Marrow."

Guns in Action in a Highland Foray

Photographs *Sport and General*

Some of "those present" at the shoot given by Mr. H. G. Latilla at Corrie Fergie, Braemar. Seen in the above photographs are: Colonel Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Latilla, Mr. M. Young, Mr. W. Mack, and Miss G. and Miss Edith Latilla

Motley Musings

More slushy streets; more mushy showers;
More mud; wet clouds again;
Will no one in this land of ours
Arraign the reign of rain?

. . . . . .

THOSE who declare that the League of Nations is all noise and nothing else are unjust. The League is entirely sound.

. . . . . .

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD says that the motto of his Government is "Duty." Therefore, we must not blame him and his colleagues for something that they have never done.

. . . . . .

A WOMAN in the East End has just renewed her application for a pension on the grounds that she and her husband fought all through the late war.

. . . . .

A NEW YORK lawyer recently declared that a lie had never passed his lips. We suppose he talks through his nose like the rest of them.

. . . . . .

"No poet ever advocated borrowing," writes a correspondent. But didn't a celebrated bard once say to his friends and countrymen, "Lend me your ears"?

. . . . . .

A PEDAGOGUE invites us to "pity the poor schoolmaster whom nobody loves." That discovery of the lost books of Livy, however, is certain to intensify class hatred.

. . . . . .

THIS week's golden thought: If it be true that men are more logical than women, it is equally true that they are more zoological.

A SPINSTER in a wax vesta factory has been striking and testing matches for thirty years. The Ionians would have honoured this vestal virgin.

. . . . . .

A CONTEMPORARY recently published a ballad on chickens. It looks as though the sequel ought to be a footballad on fouls.

. . . . . .

"WHAT do you think of Stella's complexion, dear?"

"Well, it can't be nearly as bad as it's painted!"

. . . . . .

MANY of those people who boast that their ancestors came over with the Conqueror should remember that they wouldn't be allowed to land to-day.

. . . . . .

THE NEW WALK

First, the Slinker's Slouch;
And then, the Guardsman's Strut;
And then, the Crawler's Crouch;
And now, the Tum, tut, tut!

. . . . . .

"WHAT'S going to win the 3.30, Bill?"

"What about work?" asked his more diligent pal.

"Never 'eard of it. 'Oo trains the blighter?"

WELL, WELLS!

[Mr. Wells says that the British Exhibition is merely "a bundle of loot that the Englishman stands upon to brag about."]

A pleasant place, I thought it, for both sexes.
I've often communed with myself and said,
"Although the British Ex. mayn't pay its exes,
At least it's put all other shows to bed!"

I thought the Palaces of Art and Beauty
Well worth the modest tanner that I paid;
Even when I escorted ladies to-tea,
I didn't grouse because it was delayed.

Honestly, I admired our spread of commerce;
Gloated o'er views of some Colonial clime;
And read the moral to my nephew, Thomas,
A patriotic Cockney (like this rhyme!)

I marvelled at the Indian architecture;
Thought Burma fine; Hong Kong a topping spot;
But now I learn from Mr. Wells' lecture
That all of it is simply tommy-rot!

Thank Heaven I haven't got the carping habit;
Also in spite of what the adage tells,
(And though he's done his level best to crab it)
Truth isn't at the bottom of the Wells!

BY HARRY LOW

"THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE TRUTH . . ."

The House Agent: "You say you have no children, gramophone or wireless and you don't keep a dog. You seem just the quiet tenant the owner insists on"

The House Hunter: "I don't want to hide anything about my behaviour, so you might tell the owner that my fountain pen squeaks a bit"

Another thought, besides, is hard to smother:
When Britain's Exhibition's on the shelf,
Will Mr. Wells proceed to make another
Egregious exhibition — of himself?

. . . . .

FATHERS of undergraduates who flirt with mature barmaids shouldn't be too hard on their offspring. The latter are probably only *in loco parentis* a few years back.

. . . . . .

"I APPLIED for a vacancy in the beauty chorus yesterday."

"Dearest, I shouldn't have thought you had the face to do it!"

. . . . . .

WE have just read of a lady who told her neighbour that her little infernal trouble had only been cured by a dispensary of Providence.

HARTLEY CARRICK

Cannon Aids on the Course

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

The sort of silly thing that is bound to happen when you want to make a good show

PEOPLE AT PLAY

THE GOLFER'S GUIDE TO PEACE

By "PENDARVES"

You are all right, jogging along on your 14 handicap, playing down sometimes to 10 (or so a sycophant of an opponent informs you) and sometimes, more often, up to 18 or over, and there is a zest and element of glorious uncertainty about the game that carries you with quivering excitement from the railway halt to the first tee every Sunday morning. And then you read a book on golf. And your days and nights are a hollow mockery thereafter.

You know you have not been playing according to the letter and spirit of the St. Andrews traditions. But it doesn't matter. You have been taking, on balance, more half-crowns off people than they have off you. And what more does a man want?

But, to your amazement and growing exhilaration, you find, about the middle of Chapter II, that *if* you only remember to do certain elementary things you will not only be taking half-crowns off most of these insufferable fellows, you will be laying them odds, and, incidentally, crowding up the dining-room mantelpiece with monthly medals and spoons. Good enough!

Now what exactly is this chap's theory, what his practice? After all, however confusingly he may seem to write, he has, at least, won the Championship a couple of times and heaven knows what else as well. You settle down deliberately and carefully to study him. This book, obviously, is going to be a panacea for all your troubles. He seems to stress all those queer things that you find yourself doing. He tells you why you are doing them, and how, quite simply, you can stop doing them.

A stout fellow.

Why, dash it, he starts off by calling the bally book "Golf Made Easy." A very stout fellow indeed.

He then goes on to say that you must forget about the good shots you have played and think only of the bad ones. W-ell, of course, any fool can follow this man's argument. You find it as easy as falling out of bed. He goes on to say that the last thing any golfer ever wants to study is the art of recovery. Prevention is better than cure. A stroke along a fairway is worth two in a furze bush. . . .

A very Daniel come to judgment!

You gloat over page after page. Then you come to the cardinal theme, "balance." The master-key to all good shots. Splendid! You always thought so. The slow back (he says), the follow through, the footwork, the pivoting, the eye on ball, are side issues, secondary considerations. It is all, or nearly all, BALANCE. He goes on to elaborate this thesis in perfectly simple, straightforward language, your language and mine, and you begin positively to love the man. Unlike so many of these other cursed people, he does not try to cram a hundred and fifty things into your mind in as many pages, *all* of which have got to be remembered, clearly, on the tee to-morrow, medal day.

No. He is so simple. A perfect teacher. Couldn't be better. And you stroll across from the distant clubhouse murmuring to yourself as a child does its lesson, BALANCE . . . B-A-L-A . . .

Everything goes wrong that morning. Very odd. You find yourself doing things you have never done before. You play a rotten round. Putrid. You hack about in bunkers you have never been in before. Perfect devils. Well I'm . . .

Then the other man comes up and listens sympathetically (for a wonder), and instils a new and sudden hope. You have *been reading the wrong book!* Everyone says so. Good Lord, is that so? Yes. George Greenturf's is *the* book. Didn't you know? "Oh, my poor fellow—I must lend it to you at once—good heavens. Made all the difference to *me*, I can tell you." (And he is a steady 6!)

Now, Greenturf is a serious-minded player (two Open Championships, was it, or three?), who asks his readers to cease looking through a glass darkly and to put away childish things. He affirms, and proves it by 273 slow-motion pictures, that the Alpha and Omega, the be-all and end-all of golf, is *the swing*. A-a-ah!

The camera cannot lie. Get someone to take a photo of you on one of these new portable cinema cameras—and you'll see the gross error of your ways, my masters. Then, after having absorbed my teaching as to how you should swing the club (hands perfectly passive in the first part of the swing; swing started by slight push of left shoulder; hips and shoulders to turn *as one entity* [don't forget that, it is quite easy, quite], pivot of left foot begins slightly after hips get on the move . . .), have *another* photo taken on the movies. AND YOU WILL SEE!

You practice all this for weeks. Then you have a second cinema photo taken and rapidly developed. Yes, by Gad: HE'S RIGHT. . . .

After which you rush for the first tee, followed by a puzzled caddie, and play—the worst round you have perpetrated for months.

There is only one *real* golf book, one real golfers' guide to peace. It is very short. It was written by a pal of mine. It had only one chapter; only one sentence, in fact. The sentence was—

"GIVE IT ALL UP."

But then, you see, he was the sole concessionaire for a big Chinese firm who were importing thousands of sets of Mah-Jongg.

So he was biased, too; and the truth was not in him

I wonder where it really is? Don't you?

By J. A. BEALE

A SIZE TRIAL

"Of course I want them comfortable and easy, but at the same time neat and attractive, you know"

"I understand, madam. Large inside and small outside!"

SOUND SENSE

By A. C. Barrett

Would-be Listener-in (*fed up with long delay*): "Come on, young fellow, get a move on, it's words we want, not deeds"

THE LOVERS

By Eddie Benfield

"Poppy" Personalities at the Gaiety

Photographs

MISS ZELIA RAYE

MISS TERRI STORRIE

Vaughan & Freeman and Macnamara

MISS GRACE GLOVER

Three ladies whose dancing contributes to the success of the latest American importation, "Poppy," at the Gaiety

YOGO HAMA ON POLITICALS

"Information from very special sources"

MOST DEAR HON. SIR—

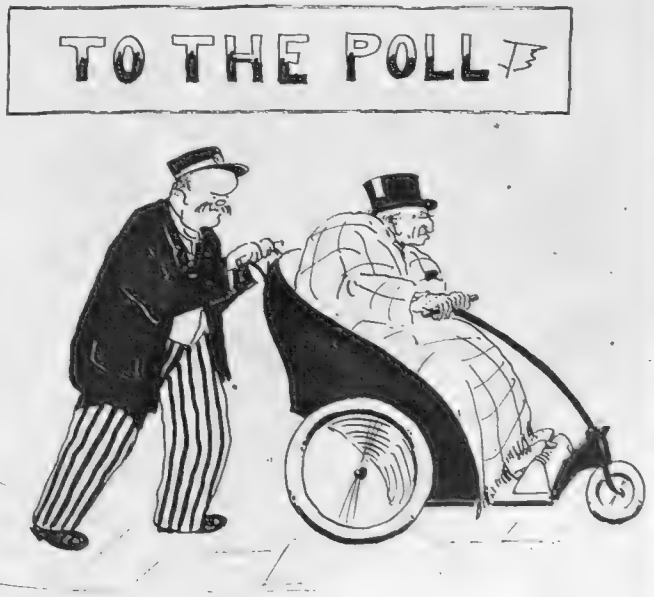
YOU will reap great gladness to know I have receive very private and exclusive informations from Hon. feathered sparrow who has whisper them to my ear straight from a horse's mouth, which makes them to be very authentic and copyright. O yes, this are very goodish scoopings, I insure you, and shall make to burn with jealousies newsprints and journal persons who have not succeeded to secure this so stupendous exclusive. "But kindly, Mr. Y. Hama, to let this small mouse out of the bag at your most early conveniences, so we shall be 1-st with the news," you haste to declam? Ha, ha, perhapsly I shall keep you in very tender hooks or other painful suspenders, so you shall increasingly itch for my surprises which I have now up the sleeve of my garments. "Come, Mr. Y. Hama, constrain to disgorge these so exclusives, otherwisely I shall fall into 3 or 5 fits and other distempers in succession," you depop niftishly? Kindly, then, to pass me your ear and I shall whisper him to it, so hark to listen—in less than 1 or 2 years hencely, we shall enjoy the throes of a General Election!

"Gads hooks and mon Dieu, Mr. Y. Hama, I should not have dreamed this so breathless information, even if dragged by wild horses!" you perhapsly exclam. Ah, this makes you to sit up with gasps, I think. Also this are information from very special sources which I must not divulge, otherwisely it should produce a scandal in very high places with resignings and other political convulsions. "Did Hon. Sir Ramsey purvey you this so shattering exclusive, Mr. Y. Hama?" you impray? O no, I shall bite my tongue in my teeth very hard rather than to divulge the so high personage who produced me this scooping.

You, Hon. Sir, no doubtfully consider only this goodish scooping you have secure which shall make to bite their nails and other horrible gnashings, your Hon. contemporaries who have not acquired same. But constrain to think how our peaces of mind shall suffer disturbances and eruptions with propogandoes, manifestoes and other political bombs and excursions. Already, I have learn, innumerous candidates and M.P.'s are training to walk their planks which they discover to be somewhat slipperish with snags and other knotted points. Likewisely I have learn from very inside informations, that the Socials have bargain for 1,000's of Russian Red Flags for singing and waving and other fraternal horrors. The Libs and Conservs are also seeking to goad up their lions for the slaughters, all of which points to show that we shall enjoy a very deadly fray. My hats, this are indeedly goodish scoopings forsoothly!

"Training to walk their planks"

Not any the less, I have notice that Hon. candidates suffer frequent spasms of brotherly love while striving to attain their elections. How delicious it are to observe stoutish and political gents eschewing to kiss the non-too-clean faces of tender yeared juvenines who seek to screw their noses while the maternal parentals smirk with joy and pride. Does this not depict we are all human at the bottom, even M.P.'s and candidates? Also how tenderishly they seek to inquire the progress, if any, of rheumatics, lumbagoes, corns and other humble diseases of aged voting persons which come with toil and virtue. This so beautiful spectacular of love and kindness, makes I almost to weep and believe we have arrive at the ends of the world and shall live in a millennium with only brotherly love and not any bricks. How nonfortunate it are, I bemoan, that Hon. voting persons do not greatly seek to follow this so theological example to bandy kissings and inquire for distempers. On the contrary, we find quite the reverse so that, instead of making



'Proceed to the pole in bathing chairs"

to bandy good-thinking arguments and other peaceful convictions to the opposing intelligences, if any, they bandy blows, fisti and other non-brotherly cuffs. Should it not be a goodish idea to deprive, during elections, of their votes all masc persons beneath the age of 80? After this venerable score, they would be too enfeeble to exchange blows and punchings, but would peaceishly proceed to the pole in bathing chairs.

Perhapsly it should be non-inappropriate to inform that 2 or several Hon. friends have approach to beg I should be an M.P. candidate, if I can produce a requisite plank. I have made very profoundish studies of Hon. British Constitution and how to achieve Bills, also 400£ an annum would be a delicious emolument. No doubtlessly, Hon. Sir,

"I mount my plank"

you would jump to lend me all your pages for propogandces and other political bangs. This should be very goodish spec, because if I grow to a prime minister we could produce lucrative Bills and become very rich and happy.

"This are all so well, Mr. Y. Hama, but kindly to inform what planks you possess, we cannot support a pig in his poke with not any policy," you revoke prudentially? In answer to same, Hon. Sir, I insure you my policies are very up-to-datish and A.1 quality and I have considerable planks up my sleeve. "Come, Mr. Y. Hama, how shall you propose to pay the U.S.A. of America debt," you repop? Ha, ha, I mount my plank and demolish your heckle to smithereens and very small pieces. I shall produce a Bill to make the United Staters pay us 5£ per every British and colonial head entering her shores, also mulct 10£ per head every American person entering our shores. Are that not a genius idea, I seek to require? Soonly we shall have pay U.S.A. all her debt and have 1,000's of £'s assets against her. Another goodish plank I shall produce from my hat are that all M.P.'s shall enjoy 1,000£ a year, free of board, lodgings, taxings and bus fares, so they may luxuriously study the Laws and produce wise Bills. Also persons who endeavour

"I shall be very glorious"

to become M.P.'s but only succeed to fail, shall have 500£ pensioning for life because of their good pains and efforts. Personally myself, I have very open minds and can see some goodish points in Hon. Sir Ramsey, Hon. Sir Baldwin, Hon. Sir Lord George, Hon. Sir Asquith and other very leading persons, which I shall endeavour to follow so that not any persons shall point me a finger with scorn and say I have only 1 party

When I are elect an M.P. I shall be very glorious, but not so much to make me forget humble friends whom I shall seek to deposit in lucrative and softish jobs—so I shall not say more in words, but only wink 1 eye with significance.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, you shall support me to become an M.P. if Hon. friends succeed to persuade me contrary to my strenuous inclinations, also that your good healths continue to sustain you, I remain,

Yogo Hama

HIGH LIVING IN INDIA

Major-General T. Astley Cubitt, C.B., C.M.G., the General Officer Commanding Presidency and Assam District (seated centre) with the officers of the Staff Mess at Jalaphar, Darjeeling. Jalaphar stands over 8,000 ft. above the sea level, in sight of Mount Everest

A Queen of Ballerinas

MADAME ANNA PAVLOVA

Who last week opened a month's season of ballet at the Opera House, Covent Garden, with the ballet "Don Quixote," which provided yet another triumph for the famous dancer

Too Inquisitive "Nati
A Plan of Campaign.
Dugald advises
Steady!

WITH DIANA O

BY A. K. MACDONALD

BY LENDON

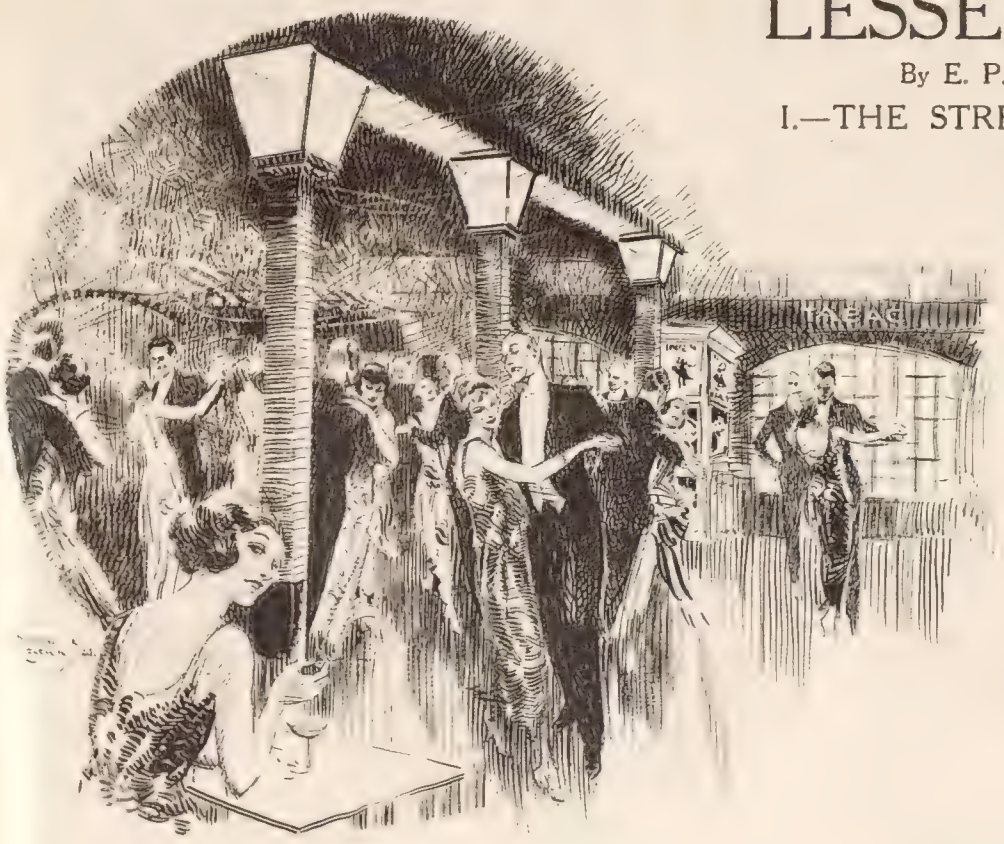
ARMS AND THE MAN

SHE: "Were you wounded in the War?"
HE: "No. Why?"
SHE: "I thought perhaps you'd lost the use of your arms"

LESSER LIGHTS

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT.

I.—THE STREET OF ADVENTURE



"These people want to dance and be merry"

ALTHOUGH the big Night Lights of the dance clubs continue to wink and splutter, and occasionally go out prematurely and suddenly, about the West End of London, there are other lesser lights, equally alluring and amusing in their small way, not all situated within the be-ringed fences of Mayfair, but not less interesting for that reason. The big Night Lights will continue to blaze until such time as Londoners tire of the dance, which, from the nightly appearance of things at present, will not be until the third or fourth generation from now. But the lesser lights are beginning to twinkle very invitingly here and there, and are in many respects more interesting than the big candelabra we most of us know. Of marked and peculiar interest is "The Street of Adventure."

Few people know about it as yet, which is excellent from the point of view of those who frequent it, for the effulgence of most Night Lights in the end becomes dimmed in attraction by overcrowding. And those who know and are members of "The Street" (this sounds like the Stock Exchange, but it isn't—though the name might lead you to think so) are somewhat selfishly keeping the rendezvous to themselves, which is the way of all dancing flesh. Being a member of the Street myself, I suppose I am being stupidly quixotic in giving the show away, but in the interests of Bystanders—etc.

The Street of Adventure is not in the West End. It is in fact in Archer Street, North Kensington; and the "street" burrows its way under the auditorium of Miss Lena Ashwell's Century Theatre, wherein her Players give periodical performances of a high standard, and are not appreciated at their true value by the *haute noblesse* of theatre-goers; though when they tour amongst the very poor, as they sometimes do, their houses are packed to capacity, which is also the way of this queer dramatic world.

Summed up in a terse sentence, The Street of Adventure Dance Club is for nice people who are broke. Most Bystanders on reading this will say at once, "that is the place for me," for everyone thinks he is broke, and everyone has an unshaken conviction that he is nice.

When I first wandered into this Street I was puzzled as to the *clientèle*. So I asked Miss Picot Schooling, the Secretary, where they all came from? "Everywhere," she replied. And so they do. You would think that a dance in the W.11 district of London would draw its patrons from the immense Kensingtons, the vague Bayswaters, the sequestered Chelseas. But it is not so. Their address book spreads its tentacles all over the greater London and the less. The reason is simple.

There is a class of person which with good-humoured pride calls itself "the new poor." It is a wide term covering a multitude of prevarications. These people, the genuine members of the cult, want to dance and be merry, but they don't want to have to make a pilgrimage to the purlieus of Piccadilly and spend a vast amount of money in the process except at infrequent intervals. The Street caters for those people who, finding themselves in evening clothes after dinner, know not where to go. So once a week, to wit on Tuesdays, they betake themselves to Archer Street. And Dorothy Dixon's band, of whom more presently, keeps them busy until twelve midnight, but not a moment after.

It was clever of Lena Ashwell to open the Street only once a week.

"Let us sit on a leather-covered barrel under an awning"

If you give people as much as they want they cease to want it. Clever also is the closing down at twelve, for the buses have not ceased running then, and one's *amour propre* is not injured by getting into a passing bus, instead of a taxi, if a bus happens to be going our way—why not? It is these infernal taxi fares and things which make dancing so difficult for many of the nicest of us nowadays; don't you find that so?

Let us wander a little in the Street of Adventure, or sit on a leather-covered barrel outside a shop window under an awning and look on at life here. For, you must understand, they are dancing in a street—a perfect replica of a street, with a flavour of Paris about it, the Montmartois taste and colouring for choice. Four street lamps of peacock-green run up the middle of the road (you dance on the polished road), and it is rather invitingly dark, as Montmartre streets are. A fox trots unrestrainedly in the gloom as all surly keepers will tell you! There is another club in the plutocratic West that has learned the value of gloom for the dance music it plays. The four street lamps are really poles helping to hold up the stalls of the theatre overhead—but you would never know that unless it was explained to you, laughingly, by Picot, who is responsible for the scenic effect. Round the walls run shops, painted imitations of shops, but realistically present. You are in a Street, and a very pleasant and private little roadway it is, with a night-blue sky overhead, a little paper kiosk at one end, and an atmosphere of cafés and flower shops and a thrumming band—what more could one want? Sitting under a striped shop awning you look across the road and raise a glass to a friend interrogatively, and she signals back, "Yes, the next but one," and all is well.

Sometimes there are intervals, and players of renown wander in from round the corner of nowhere and "do a show." Some players wandered into the Street the other night and did "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," almost unrehearsed, I believe, but masterly in execution because handled by masters of their craft. And all this thrown in for one guinea a year, which is all you pay, *if* you are elected to membership. You cannot just arrive here in your glittering car and start the wangle of entry, as at some elsewheres we all know. Certainly not, the barrier against you is the immovable barrier of public opinion. I have said this is a private roadway. The words "no thoroughfare" appear if you are loud and provocative in speech or outlook. Otherwise there is the welcome such as is given by the genuine people to all who have a sense of humour and a lack of "side."

The following has no particular bearing on the tale of the Street, it could have happened in any. But I saw there the other night a purple Emperor of the Poets, who, like most of his peers, is never at a loss for a word, and he reminded me of a little story you will rather like. He was holding the centre of the arena at a Poet's Rodeo, or whatever they call their round-up, and his subject was "The Kiss In English Literature." He traced the influence of the kiss all down the flowery paths of poetry and prose, and he must have dealt with this tantalising subject with an experienced touch, for during the impressive poetical pause at the end, a very intense lady removed her *pince-nez*, dabbed away the tears, and advanced upon him, saying, with fervour:

"Oh, thank you, *thank* you, for expressing my thoughts so beautifully!"

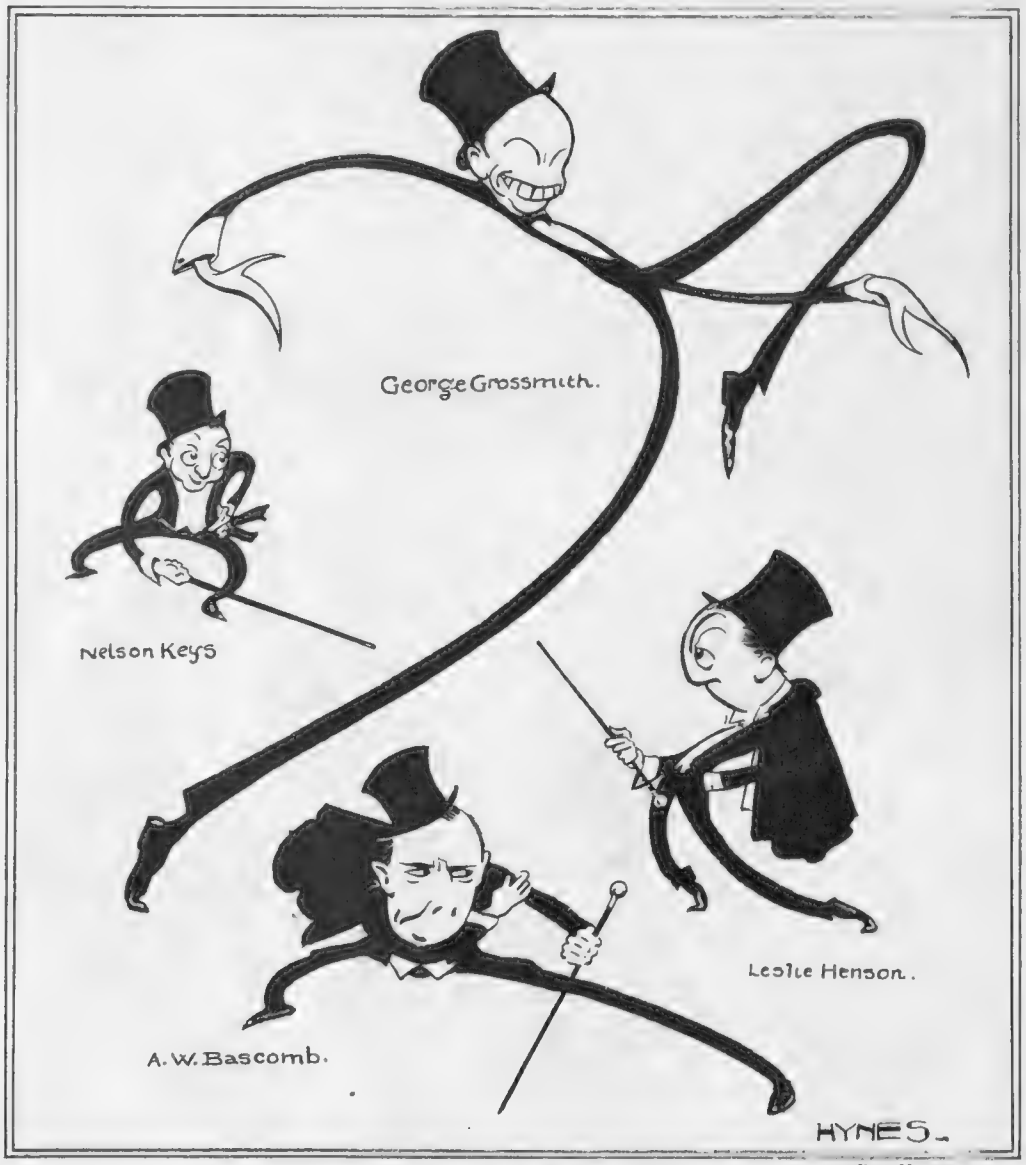
To which the stirrer-up-of-all-the-emotions looked down from the platform and replied gravely:

"Thank *you*, lady, for having such beautiful thoughts."

I apologise for the digression, but this kiss business always makes me wander from the point distraitly.

The point is that the Street of Adventure should be explored and lounged in by the noble army of martyrs of the Legion of the Slender Purse—in whose ranks I, for one, am a colour-sergeant—for there they will find what those others find further West, but for much more money.

Adventure? Why Adventure? Where does that come in? Well, the person who asks where it is to be found will seldom light upon it. But he, or she, who wanders with an inquiring mind, and faith in a kindly Providence, may find it in any street—at least, so the explorers tell me—and who am I to gainsay them?



By Hynes

A CONSTELLATION OF COMEDY STARS

"Bohemian or Nothing" in Montparnasse

And some of those who strive to create the right "atmosphere" in the Café de la Rotonde

The Eastern Touch

So Very Intense

Les Russes

All the News

A Woman of Straw

A Little Back-chat

L'Intellectuel

A Parisian Omar

SKETCHES BY ROSE LE QUESNE

"TIGER CATS" AT THE STRAND THEATRE

Produced June 26, 1924

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

"WOMEN are Cats." I hasten to protest that this is not my own statement, and I do not necessarily subscribe to it. It is M. André Chaumont, the hero of this play, who comes to that disastrous conclusion, arguing rather dangerously from the particular to the general. Besides, as everybody knows, cats have kittens, and it would appear that nowadays women are losing the habit. André Chaumont is one of the "intellectuals" of Paris. He prefers his books and manuscripts to the assertive charms of his wife Suzanne, and has ceased to be her husband in everything but name. This, I know, is rather brutally frank, but I am only repeating in my poor weak way what I gathered from the dialogue on the stage. Suzanne has no use for intellect. Her view is that, brainy as her husband may be, she can hold him in thrall at any time by her sensuous appeal. From which it may well be inferred that Suzanne is not only a Cat, but one of the kind partial to singing in the nocturnal wilderness to doubting Thomases.

As the curtain rises, André is seen dictating to his lady secretary the points of a lecture he is about to deliver on the subject of the nervous system, and where we get it from. Just as he has finished a very complicated sentence, and is possibly wondering what it means, Suzanne comes sailing into the room and begins to talk. André begs that she will leave him alone for a little while, since he really must get on with his work. But Suzanne has taken to heart so much the sad fact that her powers of fascination seem no longer to have any influence over her husband, that she begins to nag him. And that sort of thing does not add to a woman's fascinations even a little bit. Finally, André throws up his hands in despair, and says it is no use trying to finish his work in the study. So he takes it into the garden and calls his secretary to follow him.

Suzanne's main grievance appears to be that she has given her husband a child, and has derived nothing more from the experiment than the joy of maternity, which does not happen to appeal to her. Her sister Yvonne, who married the wealthy Count de Vauzelle, has always refused to have a child and consequently she is able to make her life one long round of worldly pleasure. Suzanne is sure that if her husband would only give up lecturing and writing books, and set up as a nerve specialist with consulting rooms in Paris, he would have all the neurotic women at his feet, and would thus make plenty of money for her to spend in riotous living. A little later Count de Vauzelle calls to see André, who tells him that in a little box, underneath a pile of manuscripts, he keeps a revolver, and that one of these days if his wife goes on nagging at him he will kill her. There may be other ways of stopping a woman's tongue, but this way will take a lot of beating.

In the background of the story there is a certain Count Tanesco who is very rich and very much in love with Suzanne. He is, indeed, so much in the background that he does not even appear on the stage. But we hear all about him in due course. Suzanne and Yvonne are arranging a motor-drive, and as André cannot spare the time to go with them, they are taking along Count Tanesco, and serve him right.

At the beginning of the second act the two ladies return to the scene. It says nothing on the programme about the time of day, but it is impossible to

doubt that we have now reached to-morrow morning, and that Suzanne and Yvonne have been out all night. Indeed, Yvonne's anxiety to tell to her husband the same story as that which Suzanne will tell André involves the discussion of some hectic details. The explanation is all so simple, and it is an accident that might have happened to anyone. The motoring party dined at a country inn. Just as they were about to start on the return journey, the motor, either by accident or design, refused to mote, and they were therefore obliged to stay at the inn for the night. At eleven o'clock, therefore, Count Tanesco, who seems to have been quite the little gentleman, proposed to drive to the next village and get a bed there, so as not to compromise the ladies; but it was not till four o'clock in the morning that he could get a horse and trap to take him away. Comment would be not only superfluous but embarrassing.

SUZANNE decides that she will tell her husband whatever version of the tangled yarn she may decide upon later. On mature consideration it occurs to her that she will strengthen her powers of fascination if she should give her husband to understand that he has a rival in her affections. We never want a thing so badly as when the other man has got it. So while André is still wrestling with his lecture about the nervous system, Suzanne breaks in upon him and demands to see him alone. So the little lady secretary discreetly retires. In view of what follows she certainly takes the way of prudence. Then Suzanne begins to taunt her husband with cherishing the belief that he is immune from her charms, when she can see by his eyes that he loves her still. She adds with uncommon frankness that in order to make him jealous she has taken a lover to her arms, and what about it now? André is horrified at her statement, which he refuses to believe. He begs his wife to be quiet, but she gets noisier than ever. She tells him jeeringly that she has the power to draw him to her, and that, do what he will, he cannot escape from her toils; and as she speaks, she writhes about on the sofa, partly in ecstasy and partly to show off the sinuosity of her lovely form.

ALL at once André has a happy thought. He snatches his revolver from under the pile of manuscript, and pots Suzanne twice—bang, bang! And as the servants carry the poor dear lady away, he explains that in this world there are moral forces to be suppressed, and he claims the right to suppress them. Still, if every moral reformer went round the town with a loaded revolver, there would hardly be enough sinners left to carry on the really useful work of the world. André, in his haste, goes at once to the nearest police-station and gives himself up as a moral killer; but it so happens that Suzanne does not die. It would take a charge of dynamite at least to remove a woman like that.

AT the opening of the third act we see Suzanne propped up in a chair with a nurse in attendance, distinctly groggy, but game for the next round, at least. She is more resolved than ever to force André to surrender to her physical fascination, or what there is left of it. This time it is clear she will have a good start, as André is now naturally sorry for his hasty potting, and pity is akin to love—though this is not, of course, love as nice people understand it. It is frankly the call of the senses. And at the finish Suzanne conquers easily. The remarkable feature of the play is the acting of Miss Edith Evans who, whether in her alluring or her taunting moods, is always of queenly bearing. Mr. Robert Loraine who created the part of André with distinction is succeeded by Mr. Arthur Wontner who proves to be a very happy choice, and is repeating the triumph of his predecessor in the part. I suppose there are such women as Tiger Cats, though to common and unsophisticated minds they would appear to be less feline than canine: *Tiger Cats* has caught on. The girls have apparently heard that there are one or two useful hints to be picked up in the course of the proceedings, and they don't want to miss anything.

JINGLE

UNDERSTOOD

THEY had been acutely conscious of each other while Frederic read his searching paper on "The Innerness of Bernard Shaw," to the monthly meeting of the Aeon Club.

Cyril introduced himself to Jane, and took her home. They seemed to be two who were fated to meet, born under twin stars. Their souls met in silence. They did not speak. They parted with a mutual pressure of the hand that needed no words. Each had a sense that their minds had held high converse.

Far into the night Cyril sat in his mauve dressing-gown. Verse ran from his pen. He wrote of the eloquence of silence, and of the astral traffic of thought between minds that were akin.

Jane sat long alone. A volume of Maeterlinck lay open on her knee. She thought on the reality of the intangible.

. . . . . .

He called for her. Knowing, without the harshness of speech, she left him a moment, to reappear clothed for the streets.

They wandered through a park. There was no need for words. They found another park. Their tacit eloquence grew richer as the minutes passed.

The sun grew warm. Two seats beside a white table called with one voice. Two *pêche melbas* melted the last barriers of reserve.

He looked at Jane. He saw assent in her eyes. They rose and sought the Underground for Wembley.

. . . . .

They paused by the great map of Empire. Their sense of oneness grew keener. He raised his stick to point, she her parasol to indicate.

He gave a start. She gave back a step. His stick had pointed to the wonder of India, her parasol to the rolling spaces of Australia.

Their eyes met. There was a sense of something fragile rudely jarred. His eyes grew tense, hers determined. There was a moment of unspoken argument, of clashing, soundless thoughts. Then a certain hardness in the eyes of both made the silence empty and speechless.

They knew that they had fallen from the astral plane of silent speech. They fell to the coarseness of articulate words.

"Ah, think," he broke suddenly into persuasion, "think of the temples where the Red Gods make no answer. Think of the minarets and the chanting priests of Mahomet. I feel the call of the East, the colour and the incense. I go to seek the Buddha, and the silence of Nirvana."

"Ah, stay," she panted. "I long for the scent of the pines, the spangles of the golden wattle. I thrill to think of a nation's childhood where the Southern Cross rides nightly. I turn from the old world grown dreary. Youth—ah, youth——!"

They paused expectant, but each unyielding. A moment, and they parted with bowed heads.

. . . . . .

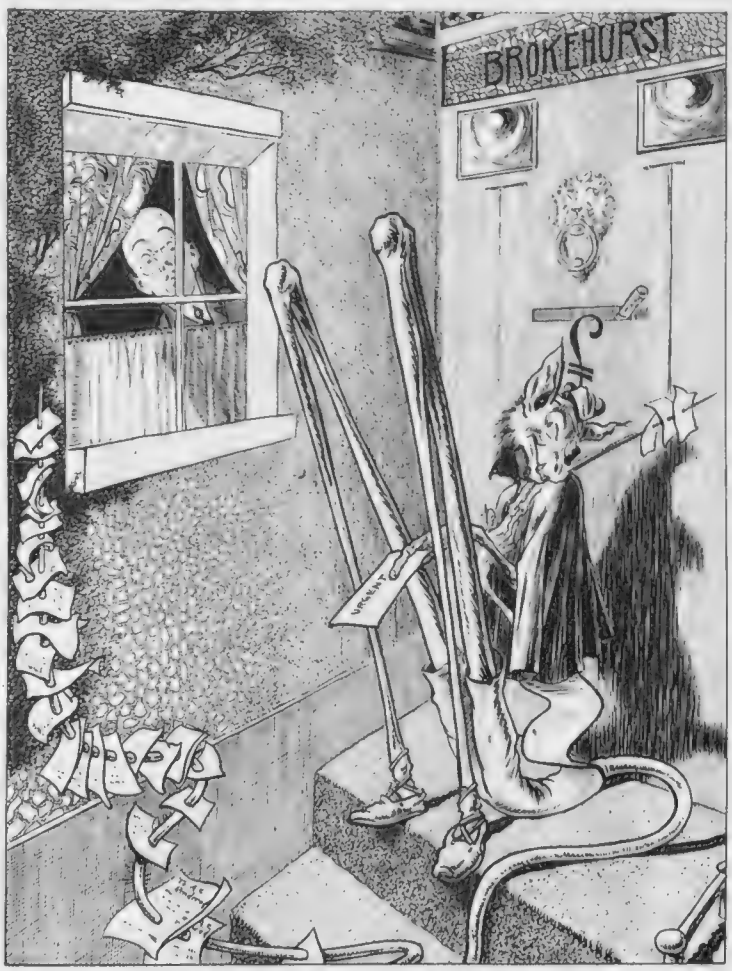
Two more places for the water-chute. Two eager Wemblers pressed into the last places side by side.

"We're off!"

As the boat took the water their eyes met.

"Cyril!"—"Jane!"

Ah, youth——! D. E.



By L. R. BRIGHTWELL

JOHN BULL'S JUNGLE—THE BILL

This universally distributed creature is unique in its attachment to man. The specimen shown herewith is a half-grown Tailor's Bill or (*Document Sartorius*). The Bill, though spoken of as "little," sometimes grows to alarming lengths. The great development of its hind legs is due to it having "run" continuously for five years

The ETERNAL STRUGGLE

A FIFTEEN handicap was no more good than a sick headache.

Stonor realised this better than most.

Men worked hard in Stonor's world; hard and continuously. But this was a mere necessity of life. You had got to.

The real zest of living was golf. Two days a week in the winter, and at least three evenings a week added in the summer. On any of the ten courses that blemished the adjacent fair countryside. But a fifteen handicap, and erratic at that . . . hopeless! No. The matter had got to be tackled, seriously. And it was. Stonor set his teeth, eschewed the *thés dansants*, and all the dross of life, and disappeared on to empty fairways with a brassie. Alternatively he would play solitary rounds, with a card and a pencil, surreptitiously, in the wake of the captains and kings of the game. And the iron shots entered into his soul.

Came a day when his wife's brother had to be put up for a long week-end. An eighteen handicap nonentity, and doubtful at that. Quoth this worthy to Stonor at the seventh:

"Surely, ol' man, you're lower than fifteen? I should put in some cards if I were you . . . it's a cinch."

And it was. The brother-in-law's play, if you can call it such, inspired him. Three cards were put in, beauties, for him.

Too good to be true, the Committee said. Still . . . scores are scores, and you can't get away from that. He must come down.

"What do you say, 13—12?"

The thirteens had it, and Stonor took on a new lease of a harassed life from that wonderful moment, and lived in an Elysium for ten whole days and nights.

The Secretary approaches from the far end of the bar as Stonor comes in from a fruitful round.

"Evenin', ol' man. Rough luck. Never mind, you'll soon get it down again, I feel sure."

"Eh — what's that?"

"Oh, haven't you heard? Yes. We've had to put all handicaps up two strokes . . . these new holes, y'know. . . ." D. L.

AROUND THE POLO GROUND AT BIARRITZ

GENERAL FITZGERALD (left) AND THE MARQUIS DE JANCOURT

THE HON. PATRICIA DROGHEDA (right), LORD MOORE AND MRS. DE LANDA

THE Polo Season is going "great guns" at Biarritz, for not only is there an abundance of good matches, but—what is even more important—an abundance of sunshine is also at hand to make things generally pleasant

SIGNOR ALFRED DE PENA

Photographs *Keystone*

MRS. PRINCE, MRS. KEES, SIR ANTHONY WELDON AND MR. ARTHUR MALLEY

The world's most famous Restaurant

Trocadero

There is no place in town more versatile than the Trocadero. Restaurant, Grill Room and Empire Hall provide between them every sort of cuisine and entertainment that the public desires. With one thing in common—the feature of charges that are invariably reasonable.

"The Trocadero is a restaurant with Ideals. It aims at perfection, and it is always striving after it. It is never content to rest upon its laurels or live upon its reputation. It is intensely, acutely alive. As soon as you enter its doors you get the impression of energy, of brains and organisation. And that without fussiness or restlessness."—*The Diner Out.*

CONCERT TEAS
each Afternoon in the
EMPIRE HALL

J. Lyons & Co., Ltd.,
Proprietors.

PARISIANA. By "René"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

Mes Amis—

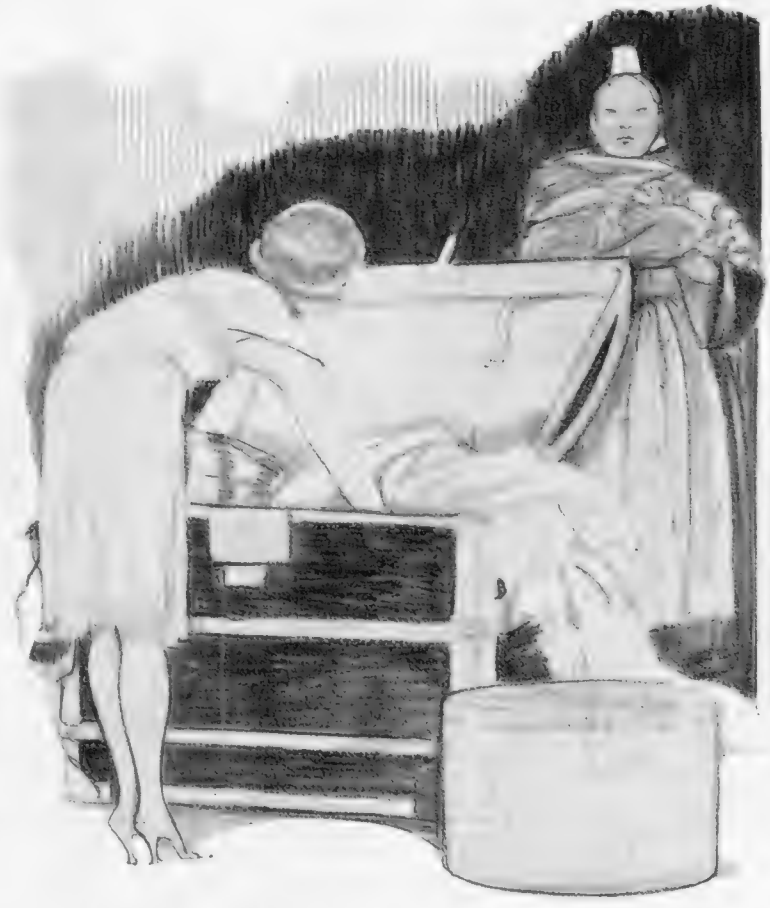
Dull days have furnished time to read another most enjoyable book about Mme. de Pompadour. I suppose people will go on writing books about La Pompadour for ever and that always there will be an adequate supply of readers. For one thing, the subject has such an appeal from the point of view of the writer that whoever undertakes the task is almost sure to write well around it—that is, as well as lies within capacity. In the present instance, the author is Mme. Marcelle Tinayre, who writes so charmingly on all occasions that one could confidently count on a delightful couple of hours on finding this book.

But I don't think that, nowadays, Mme. Tinayre will get a majority of her readers to agree that La Pompadour loved for love's sake, or that she was the overwhelmingly passionate person that she was so long made out to be. More and more people are coming to believe that she was, in reality, as icily cold as lies within the bounds of possibility, and that her affection was ever in leading strings behind her ambition. Her "affection" for Louis Quinze was proclaimed long before she had ever seen him, which leads to the belief that it was entirely based on the fact that he was the first person of the land, and had nothing to do with whatever individual charms he may have possessed. And it is now very widely doubted whether she had any other of the *amants* with whom she has been credited—or discredited, as some may think. However, there is no need to share Mme. Tinayre's "femininity" theories in order to find pleasure in the book, which is altogether admirable.

Incidentally, how the light-weight writers of the present must bless the heavy-weights of the past! If they did not strew roses in the path of their successors, they have certainly strewn a lavish array of rosettes—much more highly appreciated as buttonholes among people who mix. And this is a crop which is not exhaustible, for the passing of years adds tercentenaries to centenaries. This year it is the dear old poet Ronsard who will serve, as he thoughtfully arranged to be born in 1524 for the benefit of our contemporaries. He will not be able to assist again until 2024, but in the interval the other giants of the past will be able to lend their aid in ornamenting the chests of their little emulators with insignia of the Legion of Honour.

"Loved for love's sake"

Seventy-three citizens, augmented by their wives and families, will be altogether happier because Ronsard lived and furnished them with an excuse for receiving *plaques*, *cravates*, *rosettes*, or *rubans*. In his best-known poem Ronsard counselled pretty women to gather the roses of life. Seventy-three successors—some of them pretty women, perhaps—will be more than satisfied with rosettes, and will for ever after declare that Ronsard was a *sage*. When this "promotion" was before Parliament that cynical Communist, Marcel Cachin, proposed that the Government should arrange that all Frenchmen should be decorated at birth, to save future trouble. It is not often that Communists talk commonsense, but one does not imagine that such a measure would make M. Cachin unpopular.



"Cram all their frocks and hats in their boxes"

Friends interested in Paris theatrical affairs tell me it is becoming increasingly difficult to obtain troupes of what are known in Paris as *les girl's*. The singular apostrophe *en passant* bears no part of responsibility in the difficulty. That is merely another example of an original sin being beyond eradication. *Les girl's*, who are always English, are the only people who can dance in step on

the stage of a Paris music-hall. There is some inexplicable peculiarity which prevents Parisiennes from keeping in time, one with another, when there are more than two of them.

THIS national failing is of much benefit to Manchester and Blackpool, whence most of *les girl's* appear to come. Mr. John Tiller made them popular at the Folies-Bergère and within the last few months no Parisian revue has been thought likely to have any chance of success if it did not include some sixteen lasses from Lancashire who could march, wheel and kick simultaneously. Now Central Europe has fallen beneath the spell of the Lancashire witches, and Paris has to offer more and more francs.

HAPPILY, we are not likely to be deprived of the graceful girls if the final issue is dependent on francs and their quantities, for theatrical managers have more than the usual supplies to dispose of, thanks to the weeping skies of August, which became tears of joy for the theatres that had remained open. The number of times that "House Full" had to be announced must have attained a record for that period of the year. Directors of closed theatres who happened to break their holidays for two or three days to return to the capital on urgent business became quite jealous.

AS they were not having a very stimulating time on their damp and cheerless *plages* they decided that they, also, would reopen and make all the hay they could before the sun began to shine again. Telegrams were sent to their *vedettes*, scattered all over France, to return to Paris as soon as they could cram all their frocks and hats in their boxes, and bills were swiftly posted announcing new productions and revivals. Never, within the memory of the best people, did the winter season start so early in the theatres. And, naturally, as soon as winter joys had been arranged the sulking sun decided to beam.

"September sparkles"

BUT though the sun succeeded in spoiling August it does not matter much what he attempts in September, for he cannot interfere with the principal events of the month, which are indoor affairs celebrated by *gourmets*. As usual, there has been a big leap in the price of the favourite oysters, Belons and Marennes, but prices do not seem to matter much nowadays. Anyhow, nobody ever knew a true *gourmet* to be stopped by such a question as price.

BESIDES, it is said there will be compensation on the side of wines. Many of the big dealers of the Midi, who have been holding up stocks of royal quality for two or three years have at last had to relax their clutch to make room for the new wine, which in many regions is stated to be the best that has been forthcoming for something like ten years. When the wine is excellent most of the other things are improved. Good wine is the swiftest road to forgetfulness of bad weather. *Avaunt*, August; September sparkles. I can now even tolerate smoking through the narghile which Marcel has imposed upon me.

RENÉ

"I can now even tolerate smoking through the narghile which Marcel has imposed upon me"

The International Touch at Meadowbrook

Some impressions of polo happenings, and those who bring them to pass, gathered at Meadowbrook, America's polo Mecca, by Bryan de Grineau

A Mixed Bag of September Spo

Photograph

THE RISING GENERATION AT SURBITON

Some of the competitors, officials and spectators at the Surrey Junior Lawn Tennis Championships at Surbiton. The group includes: (seated) Miss Shattuck the Assistant winner of the Girls' Singles, Miss Evelyn Dearman, the runner-up, J. S. Olliff, the winner of the Boys' Singles, and Miss R. C. Entick

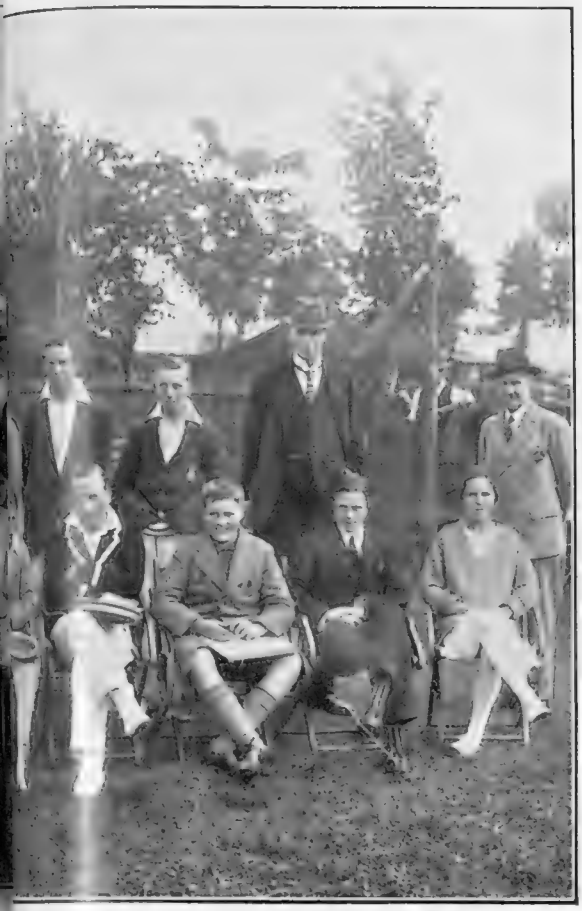
Photograph GOLF IN THE WEST-END *Sport and General*

James Braid (left), Harry Vardon and Macdonald Smith at the opening of the Piccadilly Open Air Golf Practice Course at 8, Upper St. Martin's Lane. The course, which is on the roof of a garage, is 120 feet long, 60 feet wide and has been completely enclosed by specially made golf netting. It rises from 10 feet at the Tee boxes to 26 feet at the Target end

Photograph

Some of the members of the Springer Spaniel Club braving the Sep

rom Town and Country



Kamra Press

Rel
ap, Rootham, Esq., the Referee, Mrs. Sterry, Miss Betty Nuthall, the
e Doubles with Miss Betty Nuthall

Photograph *Topical*

AT STOKE POGES

Mme. Thion-de-la-Chaune (left) the mother of the French Girl Champion, Mr. Lane Jackson, Mlle. Simone Thion-de-la-Chaune and Mr. Cumberland, on the links at Stoke Poges

Altier

pte

SPANIEL TRIALS IN BEDFORDSHIRE

Se annual Trials which were recently held at Wootton in Bedfordshire. The spaniel, being essentially a sporting dog, treated the photographer with utter disdain

Photograph] "NO WONDER THEY ENCORE US, THE CHORUS!" [*Stage Photo Co.*

The attractive chorus at the Duke of York's who are responsible for a lot of the "punch" in the "Punch-Bowl" revue which is still going as strong as ever

TOPICAL TALES

EVERYTHING *EN TRAIN.*

By OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER

One of the three men lurking under the hedge drew out his watch and consulted it, keeping the luminous dial concealed in the shadow of his hand. "Twenty past," he muttered. "He ought to be here in ten minutes. Better be getting the wire ready."

"Bit of a sell if he didn't have the stuff on him, after all our trouble," muttered one of his companions, sulkily. "Wet to the skin, I am."

"Rot! Of course, he has. Tracy was in his room when he made up his mind. It was too late to send them over to the bank. And he didn't feel it safe to leave them in his office over the week-end. Worth twenty thousand, if they're worth a penny."

"That's all well and good," said the third man. "Everyone knows the Maltravers pearls. But what I can't see is old Fink having the pluck to carry 'em about with him like this, week-end or no week-end."

The leader made a gesture of annoyance. "Can't you trust Tracy, man? And didn't you hear him on the telephone not two hours ago, saying the old man was just going to start, and had the pearls in his pocket?"

"It's this wire business I don't like," grumbled the second doubter. "I grant you it will wreck the car all right, especially if it's speeding at all. But suppose Fink gets killed, not to speak of the chauffeur. I don't want to swing—whatever you do?"

"Swing, you adjective fool—who's going to swing? Don't accidents happen every day? And when someone comes along and finds the car in the ditch with old Fink under it, who's going to say it wasn't an ordinary skid? We aren't going to leave the rope and our names and addresses behind us, are we?"

Without further protest his companions drew from a small suit-case a coil of thin wire rope and made it fast across the road between two trees. The sinister work completed to their satisfaction they returned to the deeper shadow of the hedgerow and again sat down to wait.

"Train's late, I suppose," muttered one of them, after perhaps half an hour of silent communing.

"Or else the old boy has smelt a rat and stopped in town."

"Didn't we see his car going down to the station to meet him?"

"Whether or no, if he don't come soon it will be too late. The water's all out of the creek at low tide, and that's just after midnight, and how are we going to make our get-away with the launch hung up on the mud? Like rats in a trap—that's what we shall be."

There was no reply to this discouraging prophecy, and they waited silently for yet another half-hour. "No go," said the leader at last, after another reference to his watch. "Something wrong. Last train's been gone an hour now. Better luck next time."

In angry silence they removed the rope, returned it to the suit-case and made off across the dark fields to where they had left the launch in a secluded creek. All the way across the harbour towards Portsmouth they argued furiously as to the cause of their discomfiture. They had, indeed, some reason for anger, for, as Posh Harry, their leader, bitterly declared, there never was a job so easy or better arranged if only things had gone right. For months, if not for years past, for he was conspicuous among his criminal associates for forethought, Posh Harry had contemplated a raid upon Mr Fink, the famous moneylender and jeweller. Three months previously, by a stroke of good luck, Jagger Tracy, one of his most promising recruits, had obtained employment in the chosen victim's office with an eye to future events. It seemed that the time had come when Tracy learned that Lady Maltravers was negotiating a considerable loan with her famous pearls as security. It seemed almost providential that the final transfer should have been made upon a Saturday, too late for despatch to the bank. Nothing could be more simple, once certain that Mr. Fink was actually carrying the pearls back with him to his country house in Hampshire for greater security, than to arrange for a motor-accident, with or without fatal results as the fortune of war might decide. Everything, to the last details of subsequent escape, had been swiftly and admirably arranged. And now—through some incomprehensible accident—everything had gone wrong. Either Tracy or the Devil must be responsible; decided Posh Harry, and the latter gentleman being beyond his reach for the time, he determined that Tracy, at least, should pay for both.

Actually neither was to blame, as you would have learned, could you have overheard Mr. Fink's furious soliloquy as, twenty minutes after the departure of the plotters, his car passed the spot where they had awaited it. It was abominable, he declared, and getting worse every day. The railway directors deserved to be hanged, drawn and quartered. The whole train service was going to the devil. Here was one of their so-called fast expresses two hours late, without any conceivable excuse. It was not the first time, either, though by far the worst. He would write to the *Times* about it. He would bring an action against the company. He would make it his life's aim to expose such scandalous inefficiency. He would teach them what it meant to rob the public in this way. He would—and just then the car turned through the entrance gates and Mr. Fink entered his house, lightly tapping his breast-pocket to make sure that the Maltravers pearls were safe. Of course, every one is agreed that the directors of the L.N.S.E and W. Railway Company have very much to answer for.

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RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Photograph *Topical*

ON THE COURSE

Lord Lascelles and Lord Lonsdale, plus the inevitable cigar, inspecting the course at Doncaster, which suffered severely from the heavy rains

A Mythical Roar

SALMON TROUT's victory was generally popular; but what has become of that much-talked-of "Yorkshire roar"? You hardly ever hear it upon the Town Moor nowadays. Is it because Northern emotions are not so deeply stirred as they were in the old days when Malton and Middleham produced champions to vie with the best horses of the South? The crowd on the Town Moor was vast, but the figures were appreciably below those of recent years. I am wondering whether the Race Committee are well advised in putting up the prices of admission on the chief day. There was a good deal of grumbling about it last week.

An Anxious Time

ALL the coughing among race-horses, and rumours of coughing, made this St. Leger a curious sort of race. The field was unrepresentative of the best three-year-olds in the absence of Straitlace, while Sansovino was only a shadow of his real self. I had a chat with Mr. Dick Dawson, the trainer of the winner, after the race, and he told me what an anxious time he had been through with Salmon Trout. Coughing was prevalent in the stable, but as soon as it made its unwelcome appearance Mr. Dawson took the precaution of taking his St. Leger colt away from his usual box, sending him to his own residence, Fawley Manor, about half a mile away from the training stables. There Salmon Trout was installed in one of the stalls ordinarily used for the hacks.

Safeguards

NOBODY was allowed to approach him from Whatcombe excepting the lad who grooms him, and the colt was led on to the Downs each day. Even Major Sneyd, the trainer's right-hand man, was not permitted to handle Salmon Trout for fear of transmitting the infection from the other horses. "I was my own 'head lad' so far as this colt was concerned," said Mr. Dawson. But it became necessary to try Salmon Trout a week or so before the great race. In the ordinary way he would have been galloped at home, but Mr. Dawson sent him in a van right away to Stockbridge, where he did something which caused his trainer to be well satisfied.

Fine Riding

THERE were no excuses to urge for any of the beaten horses in the St. Leger. Polyphontes failed just where I had expected him to fail. He could not stay the full journey. Santorb put up a very plucky fight, but he was outclassed by the winner. Mr. Dawson paid a glowing tribute to Carslake's horsemanship. "He rode him with the most perfect judgment," was the trainer's opinion. I am told that during the last six furlongs of the race Carslake never had the slightest doubt as to his mount's ability to win. The French horses were fairly and squarely beaten in the classic struggle, which was rather a relief after the triumphs they have gained here in recent seasons

In Bonnie Scotland

THIS week the chief fixture of the Scottish racing season, the Western Meeting at Ayr, looks like being as successful as ever. I can personally vouch for it that accommodation in the district is very hard to secure during the gathering. Even before the St. Leger was run **Obliterate** looked to be something like a good thing for the Ayrshire Handicap on Thursday. Now he seems to be almost a racing certainty. On the following day I shall look for the success of **Pomander** in the Ayr Gold Cup. **Roysterer** may win the Scottish Derby on Wednesday. **Dalmagarry** in the West of Scotland Foal Plate and **Twelve Pointer** in the Eglinton Plate look to have first-rate chances. Now that Doncaster is over, the puzzle presents itself of finding the winners of the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire. Next week I shall make an attempt to tackle this intricate problem.

Photograph *L. N. A.*

MR. J. P. HORNUNG

At the Doncaster races. His horse, Bucellas, won the Champagne Stakes

Photograph *I. B.*

AFTER THE RACE

Salmon Trout (Carslake up) being led in by R. Dawson, the trainer, after winning the St. Leger by two lengths from Santorb, an outsider. The favourite, Polyphontes, ran third

'THERE are several kinds of Trouts,' said Isaak Walton, 'but these several kinds are not considered but by very few men; for they go under the general name of Trouts.'

Of hats also there are many, but even to the uninitiate there is a marked difference between some hats and others. And those well versed in hat lore do not generalise. Their preference is for the hats they know by name — the hats which are called

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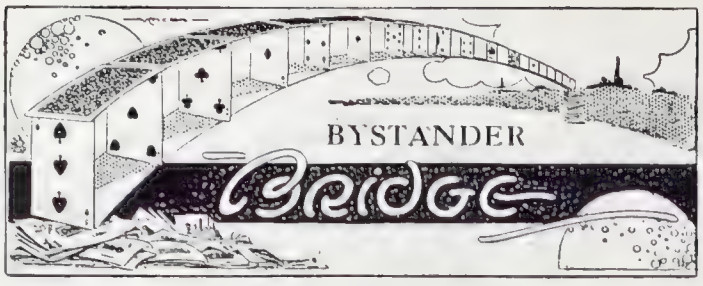
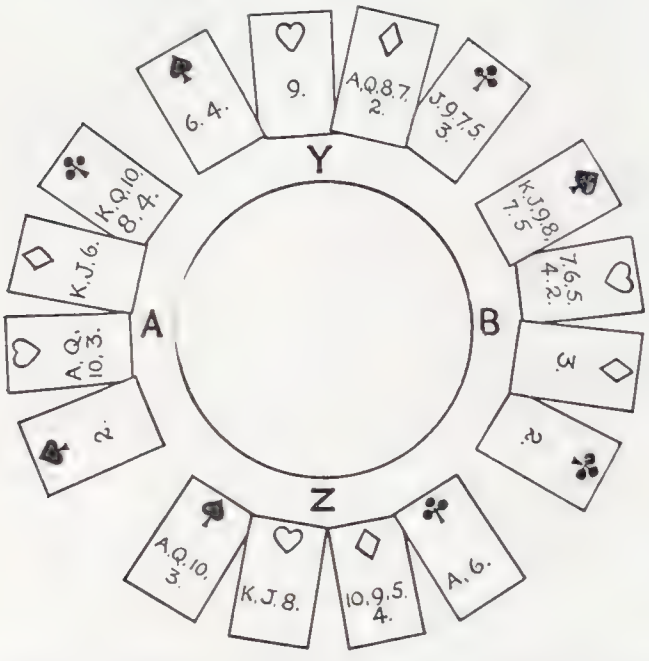


BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

ABOUT COMPETITION No. IV

SEVERAL competitors were good enough to write to say that Competition No. IV was the most interesting of all the competitions I have given in THE BYSTANDER. Not only was it "varied" and "diversified," but it was "a thorough test of sound Bridge knowledge." It is very pleasant to receive these compliments from my readers. I hope to do as well or better in future. But I would point out that it is no easy matter to keep up a supply of problems which are both instructive and diversified, and I am always grateful to correspondents who send me suggestions.

Problem No. 1 was undoubtedly interesting, both to those who play the American informative doubles and those who don't. Here is the problem:



Score: Game all. Z dealt and called "One No-Trumps." A doubled (on the American informative principle). Y "No bid," and B "Two Spades"; Z "No bid"; A "Two No-Trumps"; Y "No bid."

How should the bidding go now? Forecast the probable result of play.

The hands are from actual play. The four players are reputed skilful exponents of the American conventional doubling system. This is how the bidding went—B "three Hearts"; Z "double three Hearts." (Note that this is still the informative double, Y not having yet shown a suit.) A "No bid"; Y "four Diamonds"; B "No bid"; Z "No bid"; A "four Hearts"; Y "No bid"; B "No bid"; Z "double four Hearts"; A "No bid"; Y "four No-Trumps"; B and Z "No bid"; A "double four No-Trumps." (This, of course, is a business, not an informative double.) Y and B and Z all pass.

Now this was truly remarkable bidding, and, if you ask me whether it was sound or not, I can hardly answer you. It is certainly open to criticism, and the hands would not have been called in this fashion by players who follow English methods. The points to note are—

(1) After A's original double of "one No-Trumps," Y was under no necessity to speak on first round, as it was necessary for B to take the double out.

(2) When A went "two No-Trumps" over B's "two Spades," Y still had no necessity to speak and B was bound to take out with "three Hearts" to show he did not like the No-Trumper. He should not bid "three Spades" as many solvers suggest.

(3) Z's double of three Hearts was to force his partner to show his suit. Note that, if Y had previously made a bid, Z's double would have been not an informative but a business double, but Y, not having yet spoken, he was now, in turn, bound to take out the double into "four Diamonds."

(4) Z was content to leave the "four Diamonds" and await developments. A's bid of "four Hearts" was now necessary. Z's double of four Hearts was sound, but Y considered that the game was better played in "No-Trumps."

It is not surprising that only one competitor (Sir William Wilkinson) gave the bidding in anything like the form it took. He makes B bid "four Hearts" over Y's "four Diamonds," but surely B must not bid it, but must wait to hear from A. But he gives Y the final bid of "four No-Trumps," which was what actually happened.

As to the play, Z can make "four No-Trumps," however A and B play. The bidding has given him an almost correct picture of the opponents' hands. He knows that B must have five or six Spades and five or six Hearts. Supposing he has six of one and five of the other, he has only one Diamond and one Club. A must be short in Spades and is almost certain to have King, Jack of Diamonds and King, Queen of Clubs. What he holds in Hearts is the only element of doubt, but that he possesses Ace is almost certain, and probably Ace, Queen.

Acting on these deductions, Z must *finesse* against A for Diamonds and against B for Spades.

What should A open? If he opens his singleton Spade Z makes his contract with five Diamonds, three Spades, one Club, and one Heart (by throwing the lead at the end so that A is obliged to lead away from his Hearts). If A opens Ace of Hearts and follows with Queen, Z actually makes five by cards, with five Diamonds, three Spades, two Hearts and one Club. A obviously cannot open a Diamond. His best opening on the face of it looks a Club. If he makes the conventional lead of his fourth best, viz., 8 of Clubs, Z puts up dummy's 9 and makes two tricks in the suit which with five Diamonds and three Spades give him his contract. Or if A opens King of Clubs the result is the same, Z takes the trick with the Ace, and after establishing Diamonds, but before playing them all out, he leads 6 of Clubs from his own hand, and must make a second Club trick. My space will not permit me to give the complete play of the hand, but you can easily work it out for yourself. You will find that A, B can make only three tricks at most, and will, if Hearts are opened, make only two.

Problem No. 2

(*a*) Two Spades.

(*b*) *Double* two Diamonds. He should not bid two No-Trumps, as A, B are game up, and it is wise for Y to go for insurance. If score had been game all, Y should have bid "two No-Trumps."

(*c*) Four Spades—This is a case for a big pre-emptive bid.

Problem No. 3

Many hands were sent in which fulfilled correctly the conditions. But I have given preference to those of the least freakish nature. I will publish some of the hands next week.

Problem No. 4

(*a*) No Bid—It would be wrong, in spite of his hundred Aces, for Z to continue the No-Trumper. Y has evidently long Spades, but they may be only Queen high.

(*b*) *One Spade*—The hand is worth bidding because of the outside Ace, Queen of Hearts. Two Spades is not a correct bid on it.

(*c*) *Double*—Z should not bid "three No-Trumps," despite his hundred Aces. As A, B are 16 up, the double is "free," and Z has a good chance of "breaking" the contract on his hand alone.

Prizes have been awarded as follows: £10.—SIR WILLIAM WILKINSON, Deepdene, Bathampton, Bath. £5.—MRS. HOLMES WILSON, 2, Martello Terrace, Sandycove, Co. Dublin. £3.—E. A. GREGORY, 8, Strachan Place, Wimbledon Common, S.W.19.

The three BYSTANDER Bridge Sets go to CAPTAIN L. S. JOHNSON, Palace Hotel, Montana, S/Sierre, Switzerland; H. USMAR, 130, Manners Road, Southsea, Portsmouth; MISS H. HITCHINGS, 33, John Street, Gray's Inn, W.C.1.

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Do Men Hate Women?

By Blanchette

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

"They insist on our 'subservience'"

LONDON, *September* 15

DEAR COUSIN—

Do men really hate women, d'you think? 'Cos have just been reading a fearf'ly long but also int'resting book called *Ancilla's Share*, which is all about man's "sex antagonism" to us, and what a pity it is, and how bad for the world in gen'ral, specially in these so critical days. Seeing that, 'cording to the author (who's anon., but's whispered it's really that brilliant woman Elizabeth Robins), we live in a world more profoundly stricken by organised violence than ever before. . . And it's women who are the strongest peace element in any civilised society. . . .

BUT all the time women, she says ('cos it's cert'nly a woman anyway), are just about as much ancillas or handmaids as ever, spite of our women M.P.'s and J.P.'s and lawyers and things. And men grudge us what little they *have* granted, and 'ticularly hate and detest anyone pretty doing anything useful. . . . May be one or the other, 'parently, but never both. And in any case, whichever way we happen to win their approval, they always insist on our "subservience," these horrid, brutal men do.

ALSO quotes, the author does, quite a lot of the great women in history—like Joan of Arc and Catherine of Siena and Sonia Kovalefsky and Mary Somerville and Caroline Herschell and Christina Rossetti and the Brontes and George Eliot and Florence Nightingale and Mme. Roland and Mary Wollstonecraft, etc.—and asks what about it, or words to that effect? And notes 'specially that men seem fearf'ly annoyed when women writers like Marie Corelli and Ethel M. Dell and Annie Swan and Mrs. Barclay coin money by the bucketful, but don't seem to be half so pained at the c'lossal sales of Mr. Charles Garvice and Mr. Nat Gould and others of more or less the same distinguished kind when they happen to be of the masculine gender.

ALL of which, must say, seems terribly sad, and there's heaps and heaps more, too, 'cluding 'bout how men wasted time and food and everything in the War, and women often did the work of two or even three men . . . And am sure there's quite a lot in what she says, some ways, but—what about that aforesaid sex antagonism, and doesn't it rather 'pear to you there's sometimes p'raps a bit of it 't'other way round, so to speak? And methinks, (as Mr. Shakespeare saith somewhere, or was it Bacon?)—meseemeth the lady might possibly or conceivably be in some peril or danger of being suspected of protesting just a shade too much.

"They don't seem to hate me"

LIVE and let live . . . that's *my* motter. And n'doubt it's 'stremely unfortunate that men happened to be made so much bigger and stronger—which inc'dent'lly helped *us* a bit in the rougher parts of the above-mentioned late War. But they're not so bad really, and they don't seem to hate me and I'm sure *I* don't hate *them*. Which, I s'pose, is very slavish and "subservient" of me and all that, but I'm 'fraid it can't be done. And not at all sure I'd altogether like women to rule me instead, either—specially the awfully earnest ones who grow deep furrows on their kind but conscientious brows, trying to leave the world better than they find it, and don't ever get a single moment to smile 'tween times.

. . . . .

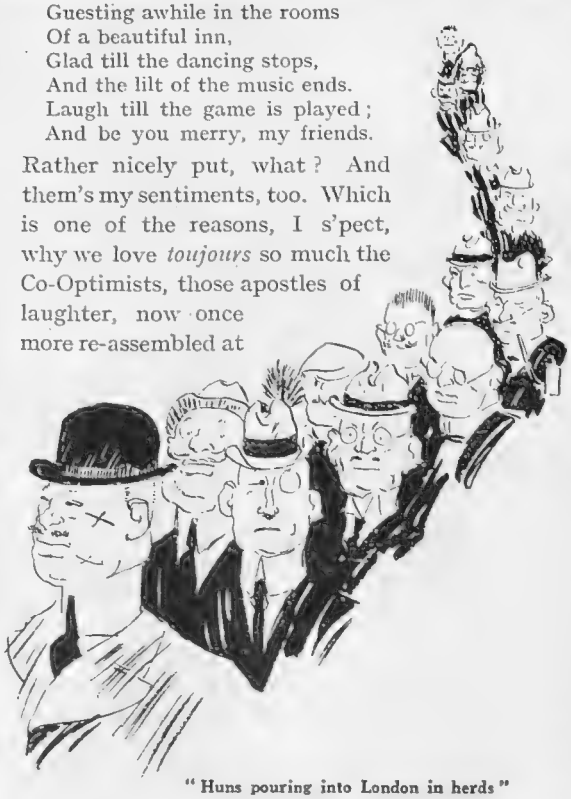
NOT such a bad occupation really, you know, smiling. Sounds simply appallingly frivolous, I know, 'specially 'sidering the kind of things our so-called climate's been doing to us most of the time since last Christmas or thereabouts. But a quite useful effort all the same, I'm firmly convinced, in coping with some of the probs. of the day, such as, f'rinstance, Income Tax and Quarter Day and "moving" (which mostly occurs 'bout this season, doesn't it?), not to mention acquiring a whole autumn lot of frocks on your next spring's allowance, and other such like troubles that assail our downtrodden sex.

AS one of our poets hath said (and quite a fairly serious one at that, John Masefield to wit):—

Laugh and be merry together
Like brothers akin.

Guesting awhile in the rooms
Of a beautiful inn,
Glad till the dancing stops,
And the lilt of the music ends.
Laugh till the game is played;
And be you merry, my friends.

Rather nicely put, what? And them's my sentiments, too. Which is one of the reasons, I s'pect, why we love *toujours* so much the Co-Optimists, those apostles of laughter, now once more re-assembled at the Palace, where I must confess they made me smile the other night even more than ever before.



"Huns pouring into London in herds"

More especially and particularly, p'raps, in their Operatic Motoring scene, wherein they sing, to tunes not altogether unknown to fame, about how:

Tail-lights I hate,
Behind the bally car. . . .

Also, perchance having heard one Sir Harry Lauder even 'fore he took to staying at Balmoral,

I love a chassis, a jolly little chassis . . .
And I'll clean it with Scotch Bluebell.

Not to mention Gilbertian murmurs from Mr. Gilbert Childs, about "Take a pair of sparking plugs" and refs to "Any lorry" etcet., etcet. How truly and utterly Childish, what?

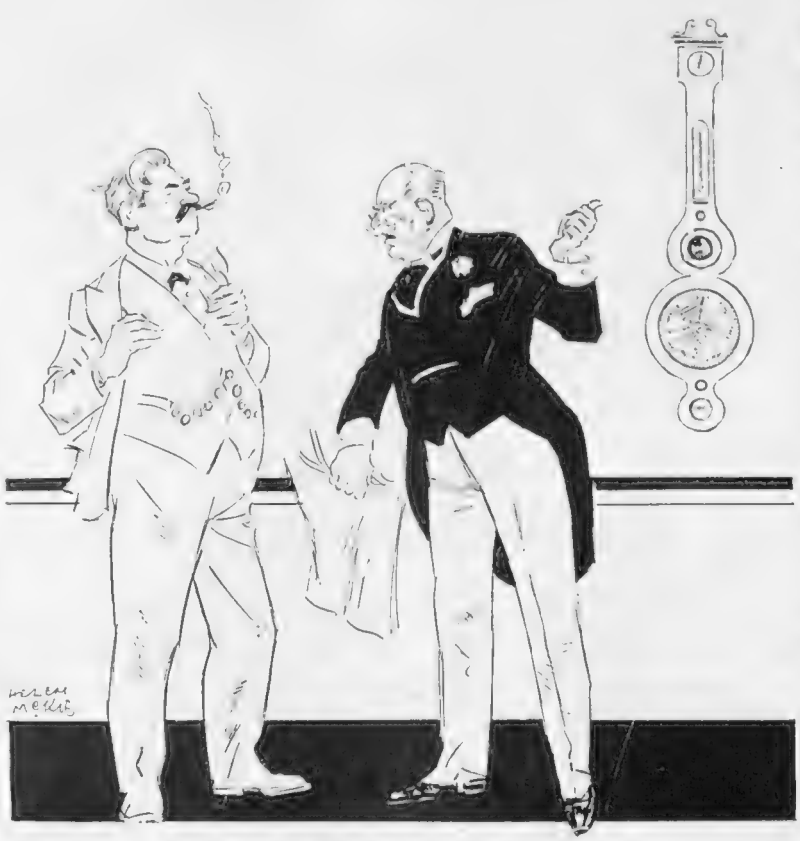
Seem to remember some fairly tuneful remarks, too, from Mr. Melville Gideon to the effect that Iceland's a nice land, coupled with comments from Mr. Davy Burnaby about waiting half an Eskimo and having a Chili Tum-Tum or words to that effect. Tho' I doubt whether he would ever have said anything *quite* so double-ententy really, being, as I b'lieve he once confessed, an Oxford and Cambridge man (or, as Hermione Baddeley put it in her quite too fascinating Missing-the-Bus sketch, "a gentleman with a capital J").

Such a nice party they had on the stage afterwards, too, with Phyllis Monkman there to revisit the scenes of her old triumphs, also Mr. Laddie Cliff, Elsa Macfarlane, back with the Midnight Follies from Ostend (where they were all rather bored with the perfectly *dreadful* people who go there in August), and Nora Bayes and Mr. Leslie Henson (who led all the applause from the stalls), and lots of other celebrities. Which reminds me, have just been reading yet another book about celebs. that's just out to-day, called *Personal Glimpses*, by Mr. Sewell Stokes, who admits he's a fearf'ly young journalist but seems to've met quite a lot of nice lit'ry and artistic people like Mr. Frankau and Mr. Nevinson and Mr. Michael Arlen and Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, and has written quite a 'musing sort of symposium, or whatever you call it, all about 'em. Only 'bout twenty-one or so, too, *on dit*. And they used to talk about *si jeunesse savait*, and so on, didn't they? Shall have to reverse all our old proverbs and sayings soon, methinks, what?

Just a few smiles, too, only not too many, alas, to be extracted from the new Gaiety piece, *Poppy*. Wherein Mr. W. H. Berry is a positive 'plete joy all the time as a sort of quack doctor or something, only it doesn't matter what 'ticular character he is—he's always so nicely and broadly and fatly funny all off his own bat, as the saying goes. Must say I've got some low tastes in the way of drammer, I have, and if the right person gets stuck on a piece of fly-paper, or does the three-card trick s'ficiently charmingly and fatuously—well, can give all the best-drilled U.S. choruses (not to mention principals) the go-by and never miss 'em. Tho' must say there's some *rather* nice music in the aforesaid *Poppy*, 'cluding a catchy refrain that nearly everyone knows about by now—

What d'you do Sunday,
What d'you do Monday,
Ma—ry?

Also a not unpleasing waltz, called "When you are in my arms" (can't you almost guess the tune?) And talking about dancing, hear that d'lightful floor at the Empress Rooms is being even yet further improved, with two new bands and a more "intimate" atmosphere. And "turns" at eleven every night, and two late nights a week, and *thés dansants* every day—*plus* a Sunday afternoon dance club.



"All the fault of the Labour Gov'ment"

Cars are getting cheaper 'parently, and so's petrol, so 't won't be long now 'fore we all go Rolls-Fording along to work *or* play daily, and *à bas* the Tubes and other suchlike mere public conveyances. Tho' as the Huns, they say, are pouring into London again in herds, 'spose we shall soon be ruined yet once more. All the fault of the Labour Gov'ment, I'm sure. Which, the dear old *Morning Post* 'saccused of being 'sponsible for this summer's shocking weather. And quite right, too. I mean, *some* one must be responsible for these dastardly crimes, and if the Gov'ment didn't do it let 'em just tell us who did—that's all.

With love, Yours ever,

Blanchette

Born 1820—*Still going Strong!*

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(Variously known as Mell-Supper, Churn or Kern Supper, Feast of Ingathering, etc.)

It is said that this ceremony is as old as the sense of joy over a plentiful harvest. It is in exact conformity with old-time custom that the farmer provides a plentiful supper for the harvest men and servants of the family. There is no distinction of persons, but master and servant sit at the same table, converse freely together and spend the evening in jollity on terms of equal familiarity.

It's a wise old custom to

— take a peg of John Begg!

By Appointment since 1848.

The Scotch Whisky that has been supplied to all the Royal Palaces for 75 years.

JOHN BEGG LTD., 106, Fenchurch St., London, E.C.3; 64, Waterloo St., Glasgow.

FEMINA

IN DEFENCE OF CASINOS. By "CANDIDA"

I'VE always looked at casinos from the point of view of the superior person. They're a necessary evil, necessary that is if life is to be livable at Something-*les-Bains*, or Somewhere-*sur-Mer*. An inevitably boring part of the day's programme when one is abroad, and very different from our harmless piers, which one can always avoid if one wants to. A pier isn't an insolent, money-making concern like a casino. It's flung far out to sea in "splendid isolation," humbly praying for your patronage, but resigned, if need be, to your neglect, and not alluring at all, nor *dernier cri* in spite of, or because of, its concerts and side-shows and things.

BUT a casino, with its glittering, white *facade* by day, and its busy, little lights by night, has all the airs and graces of a forbidden paradise. It always bars the way to the pleasantest garden in the place (Eden once again), also the nicest view, all of which is intentional, of course. The casino's determined to make the most of its resources by going straight for your pocket and mine. To sit on the terrace and look at the view, to enjoy the geraniums and lobelias in the garden, means the usual entrance fee, and you're lucky if that's all there is to it. Because, naturally, you don't stop at the view and the geraniums when inside there's the best café in the place, and everybody knows how hungry doing nothing in particular always makes one, and how thirsty one is apt to be when away from home. Then there's the attraction of *boule*, for people who like that sort of thing, and the only decent dancing you'll get for weeks, to say nothing of the thrills of *chemin de fer* played into the small, unrespectable hours by perfectly respectable ladies, wreathed in smiles and pearls, and nonchalant gentlemen who look like not caring a—a pin—whether they win or lose, and actually do lose or win, pots of money. Did I say that I was superiorly proof against the charms of casinos? Not while I'm abroad anyway.

LET'S be fair to the casino, without which, as everybody knows, existence at Something-*les-Bains* or Somewhere-*sur-Mer* would be quite unthinkable (and much less expensive). Even the people who're always frequenting them haven't the courage of their opinions, and wouldn't confess for the world that they'd rather go to ten casinos than to one highbrow museum, or interesting old church. People don't say those things, you know, but, strictly *entre nous*, one can be as restfully bored at a casino as at a museum. And there are advantages about the one which the other lacks. At a casino, for instance, you can have tea, or a cocktail, or something cool through a straw, and I wish to goodness that museums, with all the dust of ages about them, would take the hint. You can see as many ancient 'paintings," so to speak, and that without the bother of craning your neck, or looking at a catalogue. And then there's no need to drift disconsolately from room to room while the inspector people eye you suspiciously as if you were an inveterate American on the souvenir hunt, intent on adding to the collection by fair means or foul. You can sit unmolested and unsuspected on the terrace, or fall asleep in the reading room (lots of people do), and no one will bother about you because, as everybody knows, you never leave a casino the richer for anything, except, perhaps, experience.

I GRANT you, of course, that casino architecture is a crime against beauty. It's so white and pretentious, and deplorably new. Everybody thinks so, but I'm not sure that everybody's right. Posterity, you know, is the best judge of beauty. When, long ago, pious people ran up Gothic churches and places, piling ornament on ornament, all these efforts left their contemporaries inexplicably cold. Uncomplimentary things were said, no doubt, things we don't at all agree with nowadays. Age, which is so fatal to a man or woman, is a positive boon to buildings and statues and things. Not many people manage to be beautiful at eighty, but a statue doesn't begin life till it's a hundred, or even two hundred, years old. Then it starts by being "interesting"; another century or so and it turns into an admirable work of art, and, later still, at the height of its career it will be so wonderful that people will go thousands of miles just to see it, and poor little art students will work their brains to a frazzle to catch the inimitable "movement" of the thing. All that's really the matter with our casino buildings is that they're not old enough, and time will surely see to that. Our great-grandchildren will marvel, I don't doubt at all, that we could be Philistinish enough to live unmoved and unappreciative with so much beauty staring us in the face.

WELL, well, sufficient unto the day; let's come down to facts. Romance flourishes in the industrious idleness of the casino *thé dansant*, romance in the modern manner, of course. In France marriages aren't made in heaven half as much as in ball-rooms, and elsewhere, too, for that matter. Everybody's convinced that all this is for the best in the best of all possible worlds, hence the casino's usefulness in the scheme of things. True that the dancing habit goes one step further, and is responsible for quite a lot of divorces, too, but why bother, considering that they always lead to more marriages in due course. A husband is like a fur coat, so someone's said somewhere. If you've never had one you don't miss it, or him; but if you have, you've got to keep up the habit. Some people one knows, or rather doesn't know . . . but that's neither here nor there, and anyway has nothing to do with the vindication of casinos with which intention I started these remarks. Let's hope I've done it.

Photograph *Sattertwaite*

MISS ROSALINE COURTNEIDGE

Who takes the part of a secretary, complete with dictaphone, in "The Sport of Kings," the new Ian Hay play at the Savoy

ART AND THE CAMERA

A charming photographic study by Marian Lewis, of Queen's Gate, S.W. It was exhibited in the Brussels Salon and is now on view at the London Salon of Photography

What dogs know

SOME SUGGESTIONS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

A good many visitors from Town are likely to swell the attendance of Kent and Sussex folk at to-day's Tunbridge Wells Dog Show. Saturday next brings Ireland's National Show in Dublin; and next week the Shows of Dundee, Cardiff, Frome, Southampton, and Horsham. Among smaller Shows special interest attaches to that of Sleeve Dogs at Prince's Hotel, on the 24th. Liphook has a Show next Saturday; and north-country Fox Terriers will receive at the Town Hall, Newcastle, on that date.

When Mr. R. Hood-Wright died in beautiful Nuwara (Ceylon) this summer, British Hounds and big Dogs lost a very devoted admirer, and one of their most knowledgeable judges. Deerhounds, Irish Wolfhounds, Great Danes, O.E. Sheepdogs, Borzois—but he knew and loved them all, and had done for half a century. A giant himself, it seemed natural he should favour the tall and stately breeds; but he was also the understanding friend of many among the little chaps he could stow in the capacious patch pockets of the sort of Norfolk jackets he affected at home, that would have made ulsters for some men.

"Do everything except talk!" he exclaimed on one occasion, when surrounded by half a dozen canine pals. "Why, bless you, we have long yarns together every day. No better gossips living; and they never bore you."

Space considerations rather bar reiteration here, but it seems fair to state that the letters of correspondents show desire for the general adoption of certain suggestions; notably the provision of dietary sheets for puppies, and the registration of suitable boarding-homes for Dogs around London, and elsewhere; not only for holiday use, but all the year round, and for quarantine periods.

Novices and the public generally are wise and right in their fondness for buying puppies more or less straight from the nest. Their education and development form a fascinating pursuit. But, eheu! the avoidable losses and disappointments that are due solely to want of a little guidance from experienced breeders and sellers. Every pup should be accompanied by a plain written (or printed) statement showing the nature, quantities, etc., of his dietary, at the time, and for a few months to come. Breeders and sellers, please note—in your own interests, no less than in those of the pups and their buyers.

So, too, about boarding-out places. Lady Edith Windham's experiment, at her place near Newmarket, is interesting and all to the good; but there should be central registration, through doggy societies and the Kennel Club, with approved lists, available (for a small fee) to the general public. As our knowledge of them, and theirs of us, grows, our Dog friends become more sensitive. "Any old place" is by no means good enough. The Kennelman knows of Dogs who have actually died of grief in the past few months—professionally authenticated cases. Suicide is not unknown among them. Their capacity for suffering extends far beyond the simply physical. Ennui, bereavement, nostalgia, and the pangs of separation—they are as well known to Dogs as to you and me.

The Kennel Club is to be congratulated upon arranging for the insurance (including Distemper risks) of all Dogs at its big annual Show next month.

The Battersby Bowler, Shape No. 105, the best Hat for general wear.
In three standard qualities—
Prices **20/-, 25/-** & **30/-**

There are five distinct shapes of Battersby Bowlers—varying in height of crown and in width and curl of brim. All have been specially designed for this autumn, and in one of them you will find the ideal Bowler for yourself.

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for men
From High-Class Hatters
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"Saval" is made in two grades:
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"SAVAL" . .
never lets your puppies sink.

"It's the first time I used 'Saval' and the results are splendid" . . . thus writes the delighted owner of the puppies shown here.

Have you tried "Saval"—the only practical puppy rearing food? If not, you are missing the greatest gift yet made to Dogdom.

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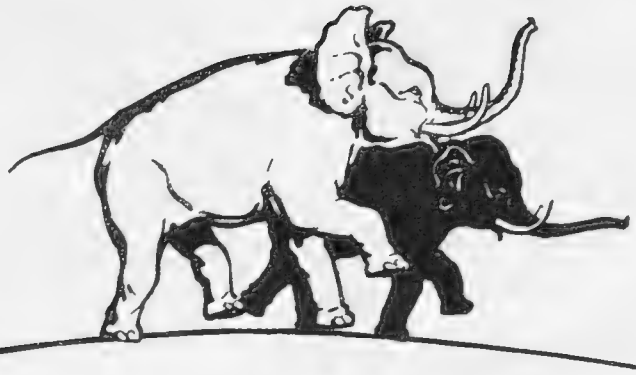
PUNCH CIGARS

Havana's Best



BIG GAME *stays in the deep forest. When the axe of civilization breaks the impenetrable gloom of the jungle their whitened bones are discovered and men marvel! So in life, the greatest minds often move in our midst unknown—shadowed by the forest of obscurity. Posterity alone reveals their genius.*

* * *

W. P. Chrysler is one of the greatest motor engineers in the world to-day. Millions have ridden in cars that Chrysler has built, yet not one-tenth of one per cent. have heard his name in passing. But Mr. Chrysler's latest and greatest achievement will shortly place him in the centre of the stage and posterity for once will be forestalled

* Regarding this culminating point in Mr. Chrysler's career an interesting announcement will be made next week

A Bystander among the BOOKS

By RALPH STRAUS

PERIODICALLY one comes across a serious article in a serious newspaper on the proper dimensions, scope and purpose of the novel. Is it to be a mere story? Is it to illustrate a particular system of living or thinking about life? By this time, I suppose, everything has been said about the novel that can possibly be said, and, judging by results, I should say that the modern novel is anything you choose to make it. However, there are rules in the business, and some sort of rough classification can be made. There is, for instance, the novel of action, in which things just happen, and the psychological novel in which things do not happen, for reasons, however, which are generally stated in the utterest detail, and there is the philosophical novel which weaves a story designed to illustrate a particular mode of looking at life.

❋

IN this last class may be placed Mr. W. L. George's new book, *The Triumph of Gallio* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), about which one would like to write pages. As a piece of literary work it must rank high. Possibly it is its author's best book. There are passages in it of the gravest beauty which remain in your memory. And there is what people call a "good" story. But it is one of the most depressing books ever written. This does not mean that a lump is getting ready to form at the back of your throat all the time; on the contrary, nearly two-thirds of the book pass before stark tragedy comes into the foreground. But when tragedy does come, you feel that Mr. George has been almost too cruel. In point of fact he has not: he has merely carried things to their logical conclusion.

❋

YOU may look upon life in many ways. You may be grave and earnest and be full of good works, or you may dance through life, impertinently gay. You may find things to be of surpassing interest, or you may merely be bored, That is your look-out. Mr. George's hero seems inhuman, but only because he strips off that embroidery of make-believe which so many of us like to wear over our clothes. He discovers that things matter, but not very much. Ruthlessly he sets out to obtain wealth and power and love. He obtains them all, only to find that he can really do quite well without them. And Gallio, you remember, cared for none of these things.

❋

SO you have the story of Holyoake Tarrant of Birmingham, the son of a Radical idealist, who on finding that even Radicals can be venial folk, turns his back on the poor whom he had meant to help, and sets out to help only himself. The pedlar's pack leads to a Liverpool shop, the shop to an old steam-tramp, the steam-tramp to a fleet of swift ships, The making of the Tarrant fortune is most admirably described, as is also his life with Millicent his wife, and with Paula who loves him. But with the coming of tragedy there is also the coming of that uncomfortable philosophy, and it is here that you may, or may not, wish to be angry with the author. But you must read his book, for it is a big piece of work, forthright and fearless—a reading of life, it may be, which will be unpopular, but a real work of art, and the book of a man who has something to say.

By NORMAN D. SMITH

BOOK TITLES TRAVESTIED

"MEN LIKE GODS"

THE more I see of Mr. Roland Pertwee's work, the better it pleases me. His stories not only have a pleasing originality of their own, with plenty of excitement and generally a dash of mystery, but they are also written carefully and well. His people are human beings and not wooden figures, and he has none of those *clichés* which disfigure so many stories of adventure. His latest novel, *A South Sea Bubble* (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), is a tale of hidden treasure, but it is by no means of the ordinary kind The treasure itself, in fact, is almost of secondary consideration. It is the strange people who accompany the ruined Winslowe on his questionable enterprise to the South Seas, which lend distinction to the story. They are surely the most unexpected lot ever gathered together, which, however, is not to be wondered at, considering the haphazard manner in which they have been chosen. The adventure itself follows a curious course, and the interest is maintained until the very last page. Mr. Pertwee has written a rattling good yarn, and brought the treasure-hunt well up to date.

❋

A VERY welcome addition to the Broadway Translations series is Mr. Richard Aldington's *A Book of Characters* (Routledge; 12*s.* 6*d.* net). Nobody writes "characters" these days—perhaps there is no need of them—but they are amusing to read, and often give the most valuable hints about the social life of the time—hints, it may be, that are to be obtained nowhere else. The "character" differs from the "portrait" only in so far as it describes a type and not an individual person.

❋

MR. ALDINGTON begins with Theophrastus, who in his new translation sounds almost unbelievably modern, and continues with Joseph Hall, whose work is not nearly so well-known as it deserves to be, and Samuel Butler the First, whose *Genuine Remains* did not see the light until nearly a century after the poet's death. These are but two authors out of many to be included. I could have wished for a few extracts from Ned Ward, a scandalous person, no doubt, to our way of thinking, but a shrewd maker of "characters," but on the whole the selection is admirable, and one is glad to have in addition translations from some of the French authors.

❋

YOU do not read a book of this kind steadily through, but it is one of those volumes to be put on the shelf that happens to be on a level with your shoulders—so that it may catch your eye easily, when you have ten minutes to spare and want something to think about.

A **BUICK** ANNOUNCEMENT

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A NEW member of the Buick family compels respect because of the Buick traditions which it inherits.

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In now building "Sixes" exclusively, Buick is demonstrating its faith in the much greater smoothness, better acceleration, and all round increased satisfaction given by the six-cylinder engine.

All models fitted with LOW PRESSURE TYRES and FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES.

And look at the Price!

Chassis	£295
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MP 36

MOTOR NOTES

SAFELY ROUND

A 30-98 h.p. Vauxhall "Velox" fast touring car in action in the recent trials. It has just negotiated the first bend on Porlock Hill

I SUPPOSE it is a fact that all who usually drive themselves feel more or less uncomfortable as passengers. The reason is, I think, that no two people do the same thing in the same way. I know that I feel particularly nervous when being driven by somebody else, but I have been making efforts recently to overcome this.

* * *

I FELT that if I were to effect a cure, the treatment must be drastic, so I selected as one of my first pilots for this battle with nerves a well-known racing driver on an extremely fast four-seater. He has his own ideas on what is a reasonable speed, and they differ somewhat from mine. For the first few miles my heart was very much in my mouth, but as Providence was apparently looking after us and we did not hit anything, I began to feel easier. By the end of the day I was feeling much better, and thereby discovered the real joy of motoring from the passenger's point of view.

* * *

THE driver has a very limited vision. Except at very low speeds, he sees practically nothing except the road some yards ahead. He is always on the alert, trying to peer round corners and having his attention taken up by other traffic. Scenery practically ceases to exist for him, except when he can stop the car and admire. But as a passenger, he can devote the whole of his attention to sight-seeing.

* * *

MY next experiment as a passenger was due to sheer laziness. Business compelled a long trip, it was a filthy day, and the roads were anything but nice. So I let the other man drive, and I felt a sort of unholy joy in the troubles he was undergoing, thanks to the skiddy roads and a rain-blurred windscreen. I arrived at my journey's end feeling quite happy and peaceful, but the other man was beginning to feel the strain. I think I shall go on being a passenger when I feel lazy, or when the weather is bad.

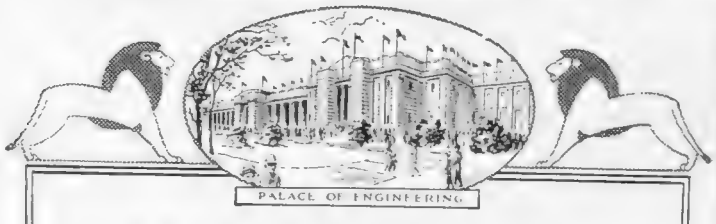
* * *

WE will now speak of that substance which is unlike anything else, to wit, leather. Its origin is wrapped in antiquity. Evidence exists that this useful substance was employed by the Egyptians 4,000 years ago. Its most modern application is in the upholstery of motor-cars. Yet leather is not in universal use for this purpose, and it is interesting to enquire into the reason. The answer is obviously one of first cost, but, on further investigation, it will be seen that the fitting of leather substitutes may be of the "penny wise, pound foolish" variety.

* * *

LEATHER upholstery has a dignity which is all its own. Its fitting is in no way an extravagance. First, there is the pride of possession, a psychological advantage. Then there is the durability and enhanced comfort of leather, and,

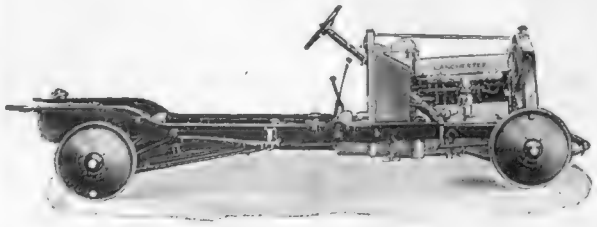
(Continued on page 710)



WEMBLEY

The LANCHESTER MOTOR CO., Ltd. are exhibiting in the Palace of Engineering, Motor Section, one of the new 21 h.p. six-cylinder Lanchester Chassis, described by the best known authorities as being one of the finest examples of Automobile Engineering in the World. Ask for particulars.

STAND 63



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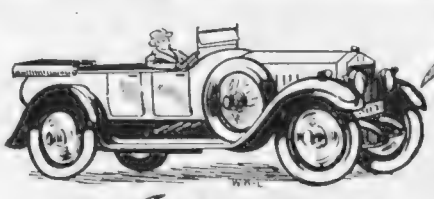

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The British Petrol

Real motoring enjoyment depends largely upon the efficiency of your car—the ability to climb hills speedily and without effort—to overtake other traffic should you so desire—to indulge in a burst of speed when the road permits.

"BP," the British Petrol, ensures the fullest possible realisation of such ideals. Its absolute purity means a clean engine even after many thousands of miles running, and it is upon cleanliness that efficiency and economy depend, while its richness and volatility provide power and acceleration to a degree impossible with inferior fuels.

Practical proof of "BP" merit is to be found in the many racing successes and record speeds made on it this season.

British Petroleum Co. Ltd Britannic House. Moorgate. E.C.2

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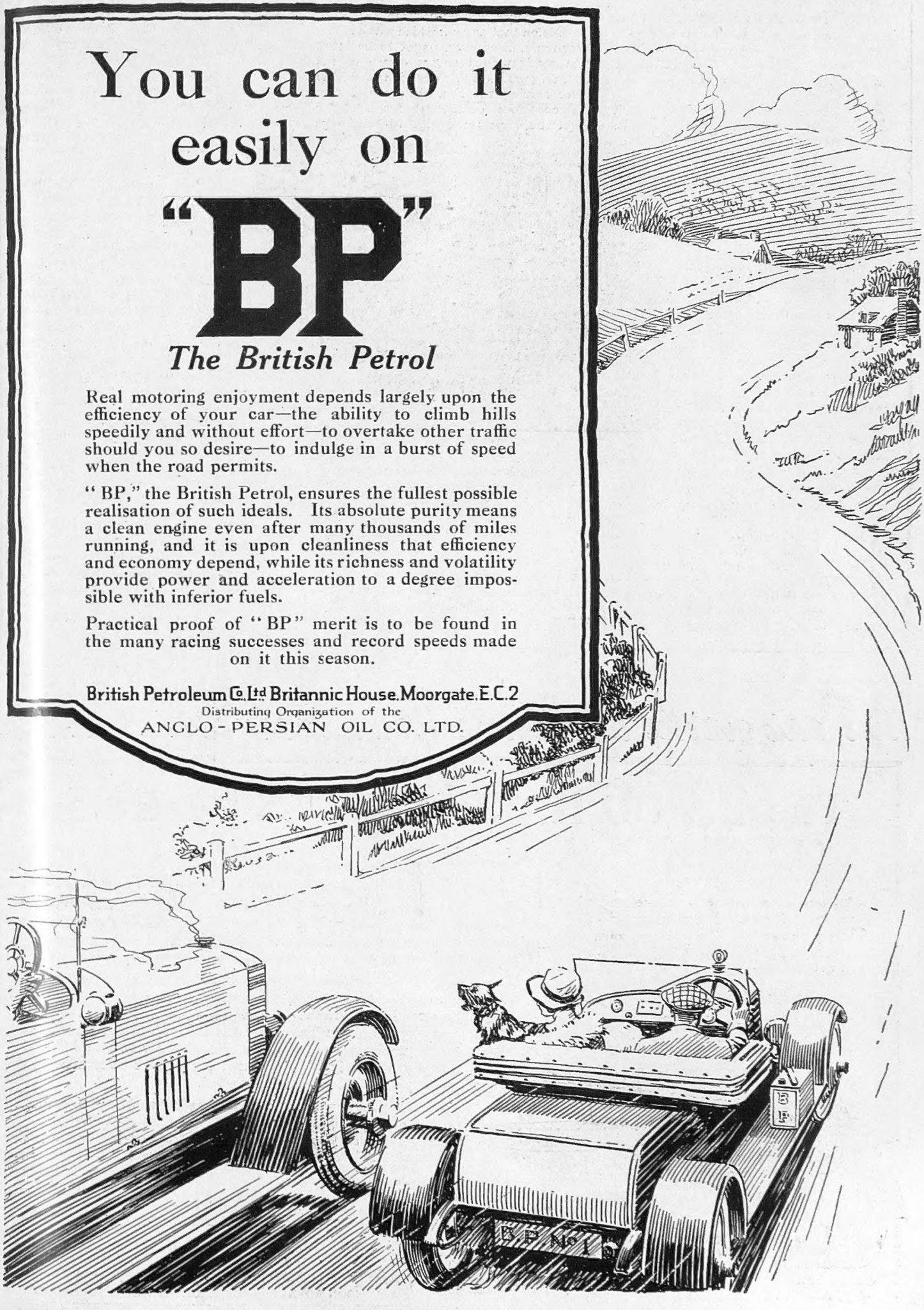


thirdly, there is the increased value of the second-hand car, when the time comes to sell. Except for closed cars, where Bedford cord has its attractions, I should always prefer leather.

* * *

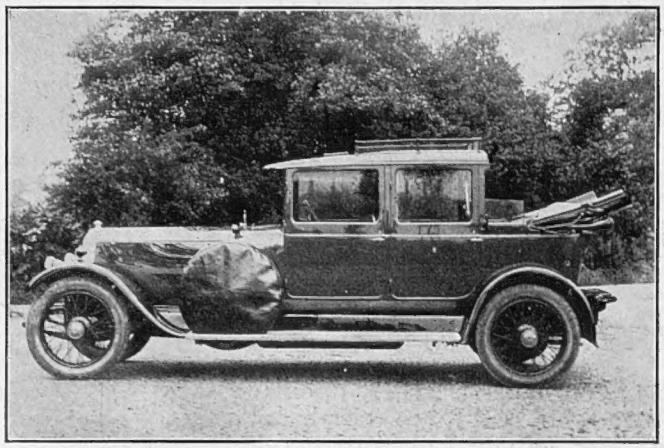
I HEAR rumours of a mystery car which will shortly be placed before the public. I know nothing about it beyond the name of its manufacturers, and therefore I have no information to impart. But I have an idea that this latest creation of Mr. W. P. Chrysler will be of particular interest to the motoring world. Meanwhile, I await further information.

* * *

As was to be anticipated, the announcement by Mr. W. R. Morris of the new prices for the Morris-Cowleys and the Morris-Oxfords has created something of a sensation. I understand that the order books are filling up quickly, which is not surprising when one considers that a well-built British two-seater of 12 h.p. can now be obtained at the price of £175.

* * *

THE recent fatality at Brooklands again brings up the question of tyres. On the day before the accident I was discussing this very problem with the owner of one of the world's fastest motor-cars, Captain Malcolm Campbell, who has recently been going for records on the twelve-cylinder Sunbeam. He expressed the opinion that any car which was capable of 120 m.p.h., or over, ought to be fitted with straight-sided covers. One of the chief dangers of high speeds is that of the cover leaving the rim, mainly owing to the enormous centrifugal force. The slightest side pressure, with a beaded-edge tyre, tends to pull the beads out of the rim, and if the internal pressure drops for any reason, there is little to prevent the cover flying off the rim.



READY FOR THE ROAD

A new 40 h.p. six-cylinder Lanchester. This car, which is built to seat seven, is a three-quarter landaulette.

* * *

CAMPBELL ought to know, as he shed three covers in all, and only managed to keep his back tyres on by using straight-sided. This type of cover has inextensible wires embedded in the edges so that they cannot stretch. The cover itself is carried in a channel, so that it is a mechanical impossibility for the tyre to leave the rim, even when no pressure is present in the interior. This, therefore, is a problem worthy of serious consideration by those whose profession or inclination causes them to travel at more than 176 feet per second.

* * *

RACING in the rain and mud can scarcely be called amusing. The winner of the recent Boulogne Grand Prix has been telling me that he had four pairs of goggles in use on each lap of the course. His mechanic was spending most of his time cleaning goggles! Whenever another car was overtaken, a clean pair of goggles had to be fitted, owing to the sheets of mud and water shot up by the car in front. The mechanic then got busy with wash-leather and duster to have one more pair ready for use.

* * *

THE four-wheel brakes which Marshall had fitted to his Bugatti were a great success. Driving at the same speed in practice as in last year's race, he was three minutes faster per lap, a gain which was entirely due to his improved braking on corners. Four-wheel brakes are invaluable for racing, but they are even more useful for every-day driving. GEORGE C. STEAD

This car marks a new note in motor values and design

The 23-60 h.p. VAUXHALL

THAT kind of performance expected from a car of very high price you can get in the 23-60 Vauxhall at a saving of a considerable sum.

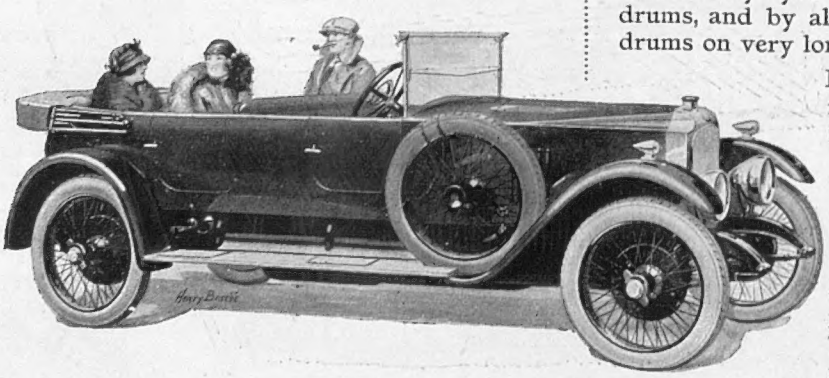
Unique in design, the one big four-cylindered car that has fully developed the advantages of its type by its balanced engine and super-excellent workmanship, the 23-60 Vauxhall is "representative of the very best of road performances for cars of any size or type."*

The Vauxhall four-wheel braking system, again, is an advance on anything presented hitherto. You have four-wheel braking by simple cable-operated front brakes linked up with the famed Vauxhall transmission brake; you have an independent brake for the rear wheels only: you have thus two sets of brakes for two sets of brake-drums, and by alternately using them the risk of over-heating the drums on very long, steep hills is avoided.

Buy no big car of the best class before you have investigated the merits of the 23-60 Vauxhall. We invite you to ask for a trial drive and all information.

* Quoted from a long criticism in "Country Life" of the new season's model. Chassis £725, 'Kington' touring car £925. Wheel base 10 ft. 10 in., yet body space 9 ft. 9 in. Power development exceeds 60 b.h.p. Petrol consumption 23-24 m.p.g. at good speeds. Complete range of closed and convertible bodies.

14-40 h.p. Vauxhall from £595
30-98 h.p. Vauxhall from £1,220



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